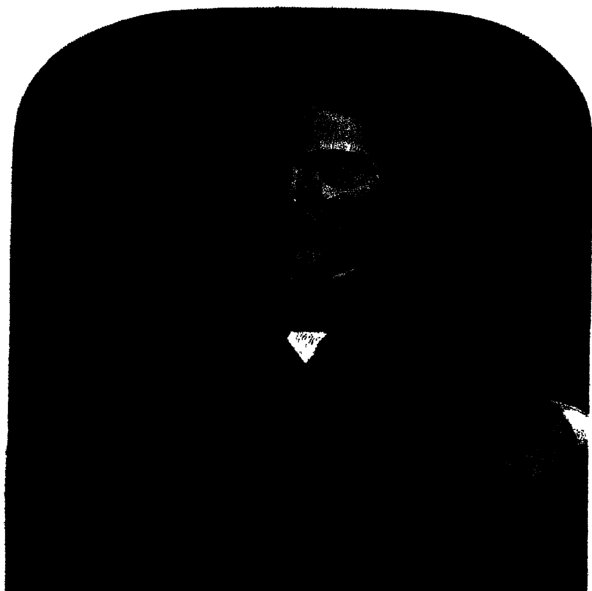
MEMOIR

OF

RICHARD WILLIAMS.



Richard Williams

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OF

RICHARD WILLIAMS,

SURGEON:

CATECHIST TO THE PATAGONIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY IN TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

BY

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PREFACE.

HAD the engagements of the Rev. William Arthur allowed him to undertake the compilation of the following Memoir, the public would have received from his hand a missionary biography as instructive, if not as exciting, as *The Successful Merchant.* But when Mr Arthur felt constrained to decline the task, the present Editor ventured to attempt it, in the belief that, under the most ordinary treatment, the materials placed at his disposal could scarcely fail to be useful.

The circumstance that Mr Williams belonged to a branch of the evangelical church entirely distinct from his biographer's denomination, has not been felt as any embarrassment in the progress of the work. A man does not repu-

diate his birthplace when he receives the "freedom" of other cities; and the second home which the Author has found in many a Christian community, has not lessened his affection to his own Mount Zion. On the other hand, literary trusteeship is surely consistent with ecclesiastical integrity; and that writer must be very distrustful of his own sense, or his own honesty, who is afraid that the one will interfere with the other.

For ample details regarding the Patagonian Mission, and for an account of Captain Gardiner and other members of the expedition, the reader is referred to *Hope Deferred, not Lost; a Narrative of Missionary Effort in South America*, by the Rev. George Pakenham Despard, Honorary Secretary of the Patagonian Missionary Society. To Mr Despard the best thanks of the Editor are due, for repeated and kind communications during the preparation of the following pages.

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CHAPTER I.

Early Days.

REMEMBER not the faults
And frailty of my youth .
Remember not how ignorant
I have been of thy truth.

Nor after my deserts
Let me thy mercy find ·
But of thine own benignity,
Lord, have me in thy mind.
Psalm xxv. 6.—*Sternhold.*

The Sabbath was too often spent in the study of Virgil and Horace. But the later hours of his evenings, which were not dedicated to amusement, seem to have been laudably employed in storing his mind with classical and general knowledge.—*Memoirs of Dr Claudius Buchanan.*

Richard Williams was the second son of Mr Rice Williams, of Dursley, Gloucestershire, and was born there on the 15th of May 1815.

From the first he evinced great tenderness of feeling; and very early he exhibited that ardent and affectionate disposition which distinguished him through life. But as he grew from infancy to boyhood, there were frequent outbreaks of a passionate temper, and his strong determination amounted to obstinacy. He gave no indication of piety; but in the transparency and truthfulness of his character might be perceived the germ of future excellence. For if little can be hoped from a childhood where deceit is the constitutional sin, it is seldom that the boy attains to nothing noble, who, like Washington, "cannot tell a lie."

Richard's first school was in Yorkshire; but he was soon brought back to Dursley, and placed under the care of the Rev. John Glanville, now the much-esteemed minister of Kingsland Tabernacle,

near Bristol. Mr Glanville says, "I watched him closely, inasmuch as I thought I saw something in him which seemed to distinguish him from the mass of common boyhood. This induced me to give special attention to him, and, as far as I was able, to bring out and direct his powers. There was *a character* about him, even then, which indicated good in the future. . . . . He had mind,—not very well balanced, nor always easily controlled, but inquiring, earnest, persevering, and determined to improve. He was diligent and painstaking in whatever engaged his attention or suited his tastes. His quickness and thoughtfulness shewed that he had abilities, which only required to be guided into a proper channel, to make him a useful man. He was intended and educated for secular employ, and he had an encouraging prospect before him, and many facilities for obtaining worldly prosperity. But he soon manifested a distaste for business; it was too monotonous and mechanical; he wanted something more exciting and intellectual. I was called upon to use my influence with him for the purpose of urging him to throw his energies more fully into the duties of his trade. This I did, both by writing and speaking; but it was of no use: he would be a doctor, and not a plane-manufacturer. All the money he could procure, and all the hours he could spare, were given to studies bearing on the medical profession. At length, he resolved to leave business, and sacrifice the solid gain for what

appeared to his friends the doubtful success of a professional course; and, in directing his attention to surgery, he had to encounter many difficulties, and to work against all sorts of disadvantage."

We have always regarded it as the heroic incident in the history of the lamented Dr Hope, of London, that, with a strong repugnance to medical studies, but in deference to a father's wishes, he not only selected medicine as his pursuit, but prosecuted it so vigorously as to distance all his coevals. Gladly would we have recorded the converse achievement in the outset of our own hero's career: for we know not any finer feature of character than an intense dutifulness, nor any sublimer incident than the self-sacrifice to which dutiful feeling has prompted. At such noble acts of self-conquest we shall not arrive till somewhat later in this narrative; and meanwhile we must describe the subject of our biography as he was, and which is much the same as other ardent and impulsive young men have been.

An uncle in Westminster had acquired a reputation in making carpenters' planes, and his thriving business he bequeathed to his nephew, on condition that the profits of the first ten years should be shared with his sisters. It was a kind arrangement, and gave the young man a good opportunity to make his own fortune, and to provide for his father's family. But he had other aspirations. His older brother voyaged betwixt England and

India as the surgeon of the *Walmer Castle* and the *Owen Glendower;* and Richard, too, must needs be a surgeon. In his medical mania it is likely that he was haunted by the brilliant precedent of the Hunters, and, with youthful enthusiasm, he would recall the example of the young journeyman who quitted the carpenter's bench to become the prince of anatomists, and the collector of a world-famed museum. But Rheece and Richard Williams were not destined to repeat the romance of William Hunter and his brother John. Rheece died at Madras, a generous and noble-hearted young man; and for Richard, God had provided some better thing than scientific reputation.

This professional bias was aided by a strong turn for letters. Our friend delighted in reading books, and sometimes dreamed of making them. And in a learned pursuit he doubtless reckoned on a large amount of literary leisure. This is frequently a mistake. A clergyman without a congregation, a barrister without briefs, and a physician without patients, have abundance of leisure; but, in that case, there is great danger of their ceasing to be literary. On the other hand, a minister who enters heartily into his work, a lawyer or a doctor who prospers in his practice, has as little time to spare for his own special likings as a manufacturer or a merchant; and, when the daily demand on his energies is answered, we question if he will retain an equal amount of zest and spirit. In other

words, should any of our readers be employed in making planes, or in selling or using them, and should they at the same time be sighing after better opportunity to read great authors,—we know not any road more royal than their present calling. Most likely, even now it allows them an hour or two for mental improvement or intellectual relaxation; and, if they are diligent in their business, there is no more legitimate way of employing their savings than in purchasing instalments of leisure for their favorite pursuits.

By great exertions, Mr Williams accomplished a medical curriculum. He studied at University College, London, and at the London Hospital; and having been initiated in the practical details of his profession by a cousin in Oxfordshire, he was able to pass his examination in May 1841, when twenty-six years of age. For some time he acted as assistant to various medical gentlemen at Norwich and elsewhere; and, eventually, his brother-in-law and sister, Mr and Mrs Hill, being resident in Burslem, Staffordshire, sent him an invitation to come and settle beside them. That invitation he accepted; and, by the success with which his first cases were treated, he soon attracted notice, and became a popular practitioner, with extensive employment. For, with an irreproachable character, passionately addicted to the noble science which was now his calling, carrying a prepossession in his pleasant countenance and gentle manners, prompt, punctual,

and affectionately interested in his patients, and, in a profession humane and generous beyond all others, distinguished by his liberality and disinterestedness,—it is not wonderful that he soon became a favorite, and saw opening before him a field of abundant occupation.

During all this interval, however, there was no religion in his virtue. Warm-hearted and manly, he was not devout; and, amidst all his solicitude for the bodily health of his neighbours, the salvation of their souls or of his own had never cost him a thought. With an ardent and enthusiastic temperament, he had no love for his heavenly Friend, and no sympathy with that philanthropy which seeks the eternal welfare of its objects.

One Lord's day, a friend returning from public worship called on him, and found him in his surgery reading a newspaper. His friend asked him if this were a right employment of God's day. There was something of rebuke in the reply: "Were my mind, like yours, satisfied that Christianity is true, I would embrace it with all my soul, and I would live accordingly." His visitor felt that he was sincere, and could only regret that, to a nature so energetic, and, in many respects, so ingenuous, the gospel was nothing more than a cunning fable or a cabalistic formula.

CHAPTER II.

The Beginning of Better Days.

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
  As thou wert ever kind;
Let me, opprest with loads of guilt,
  Thy wonted mercy find.

  Wash off my foul offence,
  And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
  How great my guilt has been.
Psalm li. 1, 2, 3.—*Brady and Tate.*

When the Lord Jesus first revealed himself to me, he did not reason with me about truth and error; but he attacked me like a warrior, and felled me to the ground by the power of his arm.—*Vander Kemp.*

The most eventful date in a human history is the commencement of its heaven-ward career; and, provided it is really to the Better Country that the pilgrim is travelling, it is immaterial whether hope or fear had the greatest influence on his outset. "Wherever it begins, every conversion ends in Christ. Some, like Matthew Henry and Henry Martyn, may have made the transition, they scarce know how: but all agree to approve of God's way of saving sinners by Jesus Christ alone; all desire to advance the glory of God their Saviour; all regard Christ's yoke as easy, and his burden as light; all combine to mourn for sin with deep and godly sorrow; all arrive, sooner or later, at a good hope through grace concerning their own personal salvation; all profoundly revere the statutes and ordinances of their Lord; all desire to spread the savour of his name; all long and pray for the day

when they shall be perfect in holiness, even as their Father who is in heaven is perfect." *

No contrast can be greater than between a Christianity thus practical, and the ordinary course of the world. Such a contrast was now about to be exhibited in the character of Mr Williams; and, from a paper in his own handwriting, we are apprised of the circumstances in which it originated. These are so peculiar, that some may think it would have been wise to suppress them. But on the principle of allowing the subject of this memoir to be, as much as possible, his own biographer, we could not ignore facts which he has detailed so fully. They have their own significance. They harmonise with the eager temperament and lively imagination of the writer. They are not without their import as a contribution to spiritual pathology. Nor should the value of the result be affected by the anomalies of the process. The last three books of *The Course of Time* were written in the inspiration of a hectic fever, and *Kubla Khan* was composed in a dream; but they are fine poems, notwithstanding. And, even allowing that a good deal of the morbid and visionary may have mingled with higher processes at this juncture of Mr Williams's history, the result was a sober and healthful reality. That result was, a disposition so devout and benevolent, a life so holy, a spirit so

* Lights and Shadows of the Life of Faith. By the Rev. W. K. Tweedie, Edinburgh.

self-sacrificing, that, whatever circumstances may have attended its commencement, every Christian will feel that God himself was its Author.

Mr Williams's mind was marked by a certain fervid exuberance. However charming in personal intercourse, with a fluent pen this fulness of emotion is apt to produce redundant writing. For the sake of our readers, we shall, therefore, take the freedom of shortening the paragraphs, and omitting expletive words and unimportant sentences. Were we editing a British classic, we should not venture on such retrenchments; but in the present case, we feel that our responsibility is for the author's sentiments and statements of fact, and that condensation is not a licence, but a duty. With this preliminary remark, we proceed to give Mr Williams's narrative of the singular illness which issued in his conversion.

"I bless God that ever I was afflicted. Not only do I date my conversion from my illness, but I believe that this illness was designed for my conversion. It was a seizure more remarkable than any of which I remember to have heard or read; and, apart from the inward working of the mind, it presented a series of extraordinary symptoms, which seem to defy solution. Myself a medical man, and for many years accustomed to witness disease in every form, I have been able to explain,

to some extent at least, almost every case; but for the cause of my own illness, and for the explanation of its strange symptoms, my knowledge and means of judging fall far short. But whether mere natural causes occasioned all the bodily sensations or not, scarcely signifies: the mental changes, I am fully assured, were altogether the work of God.

"At the very outset, I should acknowledge that I had no previous belief in the truth of Christianity. I viewed it sometimes in one light, sometimes in another. I regarded it, for the most part, as an absurdity. At its many votaries I wondered, and their understandings I looked down upon as strangely deluded. I could not comprehend how a God should die, nor even bring my mind to admit that an atonement was necessary. The works of infidels, however, I always read with dissatisfaction or disgust; and any scurrilous attack on the faith of others I should have been ready to oppose. But into the truth of the matter I never thought of inquiring; and, as far as my perusal of it went, the Bible was a mere lumber-book. Science, literature, and my profession, were my whole delight; but the truth or falsehood of Christianity I felt it no part of my business to examine.

"Of natural religion I had something in my heart. Many a time have I lifted my eyes from nature up to nature's God, and have adored his

excellency as revealed in his beautiful and magnificent works. I knew myself to be a creature sprung from God; but I never dreamed that I was a creature accursed before him. I knew God to be infinitely just; but I never feared that that justice would consign me to eternal misery. I knew that I oftentimes acted contrary to my conscience; but I believed that intellectual enlightenment and the mere force of reasoning could carry human nature to perfection, and place it far above the control of passion. I deified human nature as capable of transcendent virtue, and absolutely denied its innate corruption. I hoped that the soul was immortal, but could never feel convinced that it was so; but as to everlasting torments,—I viewed the doctrine as sacrilege and a defamation of the justice of God. The existence of a devil I believed no more than any other bugbear.

"The only instances when confidence in my own opinions has been altogether shaken, were, I well remember, moments when, without an assignable reason, I have awakened from sleep, and an indescribable awe and terror have seized on my soul, filling it with undefined apprehensions of the future.*

* To such lucid moments does Jane Taylor refer, in lines not the less poetical because of their simple truthfulness :—

"And yet, amid the hurry, toil, and strife,
The claims, the urgencies, the whirl of life,—
The soul—perhaps in silence of the night—
Has flashes, transient intervals of light;

"Such is a slight picture of my state of mind previous to my illness. Up to the moment when it seized me I had been engaged in the active duties of my profession. I had visited many patients, and during the evening had felt fatigued and languid, and anxious to seat myself comfortably in my arm-chair. A little after ten o'clock I saw the last of the persons waiting for me, and instantly I felt myself severely unwell. I went up-stairs, and threw myself on my bed. In a few minutes I felt inexpressibly ill. The first sensation was an amazing weight on the chest, with difficulty of respiration; the carotids of my throat striking like hammers on my head, and a feeling as though torrents of air were rushing into my brain, and the head were

When things to come, without a shade of doubt,
In terrible reality stand out
Those lucid moments suddenly present
A glance of truth, as though the heavens were rent,
And through that chasm of pure celestial light,
The future breaks upon the startled sight,
Life's vain pursuits, and Time's advancing pace,
Appear with death bed clearness, face to face,
And Immortality's expanse sublime,
In just proportion to the speck of time
While Death, uprising from the silent shades,
Shews his dark outline ere the vision fades,
In strong relief against the blazing sky
Appears the shadow as it passes by.
And though o'erwhelming to the dazzled brain,
These are the moments when the mind is sane,
For then, a hope in heaven—the Saviour's cross,
Seem what they are, and all things else but dross"

Essays in Rhyme

itself expanding. The agony became insupportable, and I knocked for some one to come to me. Meanwhile my mind acquired a wonderful vivacity. Thought upon thought came pouring in with a distinctness of apprehension, enlargement of view, and faithfulness of memory, such as I never before experienced. A power to comprehend my personal identity, and to understand my relation to time and eternity, was wonderfully given me. The passing moment seemed without beginning or end. I felt as though immortal faculties, immortal relations, were beginning to be recognised. The thought began to stagger me, that the hand of death was grasping the cords of life. With the thought, darkness—thick, palpable darkness—gathered on my soul. A mountain load seemed to crush my breast. It was girt as with bands of iron. My heart felt too big for its wonted space. A horror of anguish filled my whole being. Unnumbered sins sprang up before my astonished conscience, and Death in his terror rose up to my gaze. Look where I would, there was no hope. One wide, unbounded ocean of dismay and terror, lashed with tempestuous howlings, roared on every side; and the thought of an offended God pierced my soul with madness and despair.

"In this state I lay for hours. Meanwhile my sister, alarmed by my knocking, had come and found me speechless. Others of my friends were sent for, then medical attendance. Recourse was

had to remedial measures; but I still grew worse. The night passed, and the morning found me the same. A painfully vivid consciousness of everything going on around me added greatly to my distress. The first faint glimmer of light that broke into my soul was when the name of Jesus was uttered. With the very thought of that name the hope of mercy was allied, and like a drowning man I clung to that hope. In the agony of my soul I called upon that name; and in the meanwhile, finding that one of God's servants (Mr M., senior) had entered the room, I felt a new hope, as if the very presence of a man of God was a source of safety. He bade me look to Jesus. With the very bidding, I felt an infinite joy in so doing. Faith in that holy name rapidly gained the ascendant. My darkness was turned into light, and in a short time I felt a sweet sense of the pardoning mercy of God. After this I grew better and better, and all my symptoms remitted, till I felt nothing except the languor resulting from the violence of my previous sufferings.

"Towards the evening, however, a relapse took place, with phenomena essentially different. Beginning with the same contraction of the chest as before, there followed tetanic spasms—a violent jerking of the upper part of the body from side to side, interrupted by quiet intervals, sometimes by a complete rigidity of the neck and spine. So sensitive was I to touch, or to the impression of a breath

of air, that the approach of any one evincing an intention to disturb me would throw me into convulsions; and, suspecting tetanus or hydrophobia, the three medical attendants inquired whether I had been bitten by a dog, or had sustained any mechanical injury. With short intermissions, this state of things lasted for successive days, till my strength was nearly exhausted. Towards the close of the fourth day, and during the succeeding night, my eyes were upturned in their sockets; I retained not the slightest power of voluntary breathing; I was incapable of speech; and the attempt to swallow a drop of water brought on spasms which threatened suffocation.

"During all this period I was possessed of perfect consciousness; nor had I any pain. The only painful sensation was the impossibility of resisting the convulsive movements of my body, and the fearful constriction of my chest. At first I was, as it were, a mere spectator and observer of the symptoms—thinking, and even reasoning upon them; and when abstracted from their consideration, I felt that I could calmly meditate on God's mercies. I had no painful conflicts about my state, but a settled serenity—a tranquillity for which I could scarcely account, unless from the conviction that my salvation was sure. But during the last night of this stage, I experienced wonderful evidence of a world to come. My friends were assembled at various distances around my bed. The curtains were drawn,

and a candle yielded its obscure rays. I heard the sobbings of my relations. I knew that they looked on my life as fast fleeting. I was myself convinced that I should not recover. I had pictured my body carried to the grave, and had marked in my mind's eye all the attendant circumstances. Mentally I had taken leave of earth, and I lay in perfect peace, assured of my salvation. A dead silence now reigned around; and as I waited the moment of my final change, it was an intense and deeply absorbing thought that soon the great scene would be revealed. Whilst lying thus, I thought I heard a gentle knocking. My soul started in expectation. Inwardly I exclaimed, 'I come, Lord Jesus!' Relapsing into quietude, I felt all but dismissed. It had the effect of so far arousing me, that I got power to speak, and called to my kindred, who came around me in surprise and anticipation. I took leave of them. I told one to be watchful, and spoke to the others, till power of speech again forsook me. As I lay, I drew my hand to my breast, to examine its beatings. I felt they were small and weak, and I was content, for I should soon be in another world. I was even anxious to die; for I feared lest, living again, I might lose what now seemed so sure. Then it was that a new order of feelings came over me. I had the most extraordinary sense of the bodily presence of the Power of Darkness standing by the side of my bed; not that I imagined that I saw anything, but I felt as if I could have

put my hand on the very spot where he stood, and I shrank from that side with horror and loathing. But, blessed be God! on the opposite side stood, equally revealed to my spiritual senses, the Power unto Salvation, the very embodiment of love; and to this I turned as to a refuge. I shrank from the Evil One, and poured out my prayers to Christ, whose protection was evident to me. Thus I lay, when, all of a sudden, the most brilliant light darted into the room, and filled me with astonishment. Now, I thought, the time is surely at hand. God is visibly making manifest his approach. Quickly will the angels of God be descending, and I shall behold my Redeemer. By the vigor thus imparted I was enabled to sit up in bed, and with a feeling like that which Lazarus might have experienced, conscious of a supernatural Presence, I called out to my friends, 'Did you not see the light?' Next minute the impression came over me that I was yet to live; and at the same time, inspired with the certainty of knowing what I ought to take, I told my assistant to bring me forty drops of the tincture of opium, and twenty drops of the muriated tincture of iron, and to repeat the doze every twenty minutes. After taking the first doze, I continued sitting in bed, feeling as though entranced; and, what is singular, my arms, when extended at an early part of the evening, had remained so, evincing the cataleptic state. I took the second doze, and lay down. These dozes, so large that my assistant

afterwards wondered what could have possessed him to give them, were the means of my recovery. After a miserable interval, during which the body seemed to be sinking into corruption, and the mind itself seemed to have lost all power of joy or sorrow, hope or fear, a profound sleep closed my eyes. It lasted upwards of twelve hours, and, awaking as from a dream, there remained no trace of my former state, except extreme debility. I never had the slightest relapse, but made rapid progress in recovery."

An interesting volume was lately published, in which a Christian scholar recalls the workings of his mind during a long period of derangement; * and we believe that both science and religion are eventually served by accurate statements of cases in which moral and physical phenomena mingle. We are too ignorant of pathology to be able to explain all the symptoms which Mr Williams has so vividly described; and it would be very presumptuous in us to profess to account for those sensations which the patient, himself a medical man, modestly acknowledges as beyond the range of his own experience or reading. Yet there are one or two circumstances of which an ordinary spectator may possibly judge as accurately as the patient himself, with all his professional training.

For instance, it was at the close of a laborious

* Autobiography of the Rev. William Walford. Edited by the Rev. J. Stoughton.

day, and when excessively fatigued, that Mr Williams was first seized with those singular sensations in his head, and with the brilliant accompanying ideas. Now, to say nothing of any intermediate cause, such as determination of blood to the brain, we know that excessive application or exhaustion is not unfrequently followed by similar odd sensations. Dr Moore mentions Dr Isaac Watts, who, after great exertion of mind, thought his head too large to allow him to pass out at the study door; as also the case of a gentleman who, after delivering a lecture at the College of Surgeons, said that his head felt as if it filled the room.* With Mr Williams, the sensation was "as though torrents of air were rushing into his brain, and the head itself expanding." Nor do we suppose that it is at all uncommon for nervous exhaustion to be followed by such cataleptic seizures as Mr Williams experienced, when his eyes were fixed, and when he had lost the power of speech, as well as voluntary respiration.† The "inspired certainty" with which he

* The Power of the Soul over the Body. By George Moore, M.D. Fourth edition, p. 264.

† To our lay ignorance, the most perplexing complication of this illness is the tetanic access which marked the second stage. Perhaps some light may be thrown on it by the following case detailed by Dr Joseph Williams, who describes the patient as suffering from cerebral irritation, mixed up with hysteria and violent tetanic spasms. "She declared the pain was so great that she should go mad. Alarmed at the tetanic symptoms more especially, I examined carefully the thumb and fingers, to ascertain if these had been injured; inquired minutely if she had lately pricked her finger, or

prescribed for himself the tonic opiate, need not surprise us. Suggested by some constitutional craving, invalids often fancy that if they could only obtain a given antidote, they would instantly be well. And they frequently are right. Sometimes the specific is a strange one, and would not readily have occurred to a man of science. In the present instance we presume that science would have countersigned the patient's prescription, had it only known all the circumstances; but then it must be remembered that in the present instance the patient himself was a doctor.

"Intense mental conceptions so strongly impressed upon the mind as, for the moment, to be believed to have a real existence," are amongst the most frequent spectral illusions.* As coming near this class, we must regard that "extraordinary sense of the bodily presence of the Power of Darkness standing by the side of his bed," which filled the imagination of the patient towards the close of his illness, as well as the brilliant light which fol-

received any blow or fall, stating to the friends that I had never seen such symptoms but where a nerve had been irritated. Examined the mouth; the teeth perfect, undecayed; but still dissatisfied, I took out my pencil-case and gently struck each tooth; on tapping the second superior molar of the affected side, great pain ensued, and on repeating this it was increased." On removing the tooth it was detected that pus was pressing on the pulpy portion of the nerve; and thus incipient mania was cured, and the life of the patient was saved.—See Williams on Insanity, p. 260.

* See Hibbert on Apparitions. Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers, Part 3.

lowed. To bystanders no light was visible, no presence was palpable. Unlike the voice and the light on the road to Damascus, which the spectators heard and saw, these manifestations were confined to the individual's own mind.

Still these ideas were substantially correct. Disease might embody them in forms too material; and yet they were truths. It was true that sins unnumbered stood chargeable against one who had hitherto lived without God in the world. It was true that God was offended, and death was coming. It was true that boundless dismay and terror environed the Christless transgressor. The name of Jesus had no more effect in tranquillizing the conscience and kindling hope than that blessed name should ever have. And the instinct which shrank from the Power of Darkness and cried to Jesus for protection, was itself a token that a new life was dawning. There might be nervous excitement, but there was also a spiritual awakening. There might be morbid sensations; but the pervading conviction was scriptural, and the consequent change of thought and feeling was permanent. That change we shall leave Mr Williams to describe.

"It was on the fifteenth day of September 1846 that I was taken ill. It is now September 1847 when I am writing this. The delightful feelings of the first few days of convalescence I remember well. Joyfully exulting in the interposition of

Divine Providence and mercy, which had brought me out of thick darkness into the glorious light of truth, O what a heaven flitted through my soul! Holiness with its celestial gilding seemed to tinge every object around me. The world was no longer the same world; its people no longer the same beings. Myself and my fellows I no longer regarded as creatures of a moment's duration, but I saw eternity impressed as a seal on the whole generation of men. The universe was no longer a confused assemblage of indistinct parts, moving towards a gloomy terminus, but, as far as the Divine purposes were concerned, a bright whole of uniform perfection, and the entire expanse filled with love, unbounded love. God himself seemed to move everywhere. All was joy to my soul. I looked on myself as a brand plucked from the burning, and rejoiced in the sure hope of salvation. Jesus was most precious to me,—my glory and infinite joy. The Bible, hitherto a sealed book, was now a river of water to my thirsty soul. I was astounded with its contents. As I turned over its pages, wonder upon wonder ravished my delighted heart. I felt that I would care to live only for the sake of reading it. It was a glorious light. At times its heavenly rays would subdue me into a mellow and peaceful benignity; at others, rouse me into ecstatic bliss. Everywhere was the authority, the love, of God recognised. Its power to command my obedience was as the thunder-clad

arm of Omnipotence; and its pleadings for holiness were as the gentle whisperings of love, to which my heart, my mind, my soul answered assent. How I wondered at my former darkness! How amazed did I feel that the precious light had so long shone in my way, and I never had perceived it! I resolved to make it the absolute rule of my life.

"These first days were as though they had been a foretaste of heavenly peace. Never shall I forget my first mortification at finding that sin still existed within me. There had been no actual committal of an offence that my conscience charged me with; yet a sudden and unexpected change had come over me. There was a cloudiness in my mind; my faith was dim; my heart had ceased to exult. It was as though all had been a bright and glorious dream, and I had now awakened to the stern realities of a cold and miserable world. Alas, the bitterness of that moment! I strove to recall my hopes—they seemed delusion. I read my Bible—the bright revealing light which had heretofore almost made the very print more clear was gone; and, although I still knew it to be the Word of God, the page had ceased to enkindle rapture or inspire emotion. I knew not how to account for this state. I had believed that the work of change and renovation had been completed, at least carried to so high a degree that it was impossible I could wilfully sin against God again. I

abhorred the thought, yet here I was in darkness, and sin palpably abounding in my heart. How sad was the sight of myself! It was the first glimpse at the inherent corruption and original depravity of my heart. It was the first of a series of painful but important lessons which convinced me that God had only hitherto instructed me in the first principles, and laid the foundation for my faith; but that the work of grace had to be carried on, and an absolute change of heart effected, by many a severe and fiery ordeal.

"In the course of weeks, I was enabled to take a trip into North Wales; here my connexion with the world was first re-established. All the avocations of man, that were apart from his religious duties, appeared to me to have vanity legibly stamped on them. On my route I stopped a short time in Liverpool, but the bustle and commotion excited no pleasurable sympathy; for I felt that it all was vanity. The whirl, the din, the confusion, all told me of the world's spirit; and in the countenance of the busy throng I could not read one expression in unison with my own feelings, or which came home to my heart. At Beaumaris I abode at a commercial hotel, and there, in the presence of the usual visitants of an inn, I took out my Bible, glorying in the thought that I was thus unfurling Christ's banner. One of the company entered into conversation, and boasted of his religious acquisitions, and of the high position he held

in the church to which he belonged as teacher and deacon. But gradually he drank to inebriation. I was glad to find a room to myself, and in dejection to ponder over this first instance of a false professor.

"My stay in North Wales, especially my visit to Llanberis and Snowdon, afforded my mind the healthful occupation of contemplating and adoring God as revealed in his works. To me the God of nature and the God of revelation now were one, and I began more sensibly to feel the relation wherein we stand to God by the conjoint link of creation and redemption. How glorious to know that a pathway had been opened for the rebellious sinner to the favor of the great Eternal, whose hand had formed the mighty fabric of the universe, and who had given the being and life we enjoy, but from whom I had so long been severed, and to whom I had never felt my relation, nor acknowledged my obedience! But the great Eternal was now the Lord my God; and I, the creature of his hand, could, through the Redeemer, look up and believe that the Power which guided the planets in their course would direct me in all my ways, and preserve me by his providential care. I felt that he had first loved me. I felt that God so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life. I felt that it is the First and the Last who there expresses his care for all the

family of man, including myself, a worm so insignificant. At that mercy I could only wonder and adore, and, with faint conceptions of his love and grace, I could but humble myself before him."

CHAPTER III.

Christian Experience and Usefulness.

MERCY and Truth, that long were miss'd,
  Now joyfully are met;
Sweet peace and righteousness have kiss'd,
  And hand in hand are set.

Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
  Shall bud and blossom then;
And justice from her heavenly bower
  Look down on mortal men.

Psalm lxxxv. 10, 11.—*Milton.*

I fear that much of my backwardness in spiritual matters may be imputed to my overlooking so much the work of the Spirit of God in the plan of salvation. And oh! how important is His work! To open the eyes, enlighten the understanding, soften the heart, remove prejudices, "shed abroad the love of God abundantly in the heart," to "witness with our spirit that we are the sons of God," to "help our infirmities," to "seal us unto the day of redemption."—*Rev. J. Macdonald of Calcutta.*

There is such a thing as a denominational zoology. There is a certain temperament, there are certain mental tendencies, from which, if a man is not content to remain a Presbyterian in Scotland or an Episcopalian in England, it may be predicted which other section of the Christian community he will join. The Wesleyan body is the great absorbent of warm hearts and fervid spirits. In the frequency of its devotional meetings, in the frankness and unreserve of its Christian intercourse, in the vigor of its responses and the soaring rapture of its hymns, and in the benevolent vivacity which finds a post and an employment for every member, it meets many cravings of the young and ardent convert. Is he crying, in the gladness of his soul, "Sing aloud unto God our strength: make a joyful noise unto the God of Jacob"? Alike in the cathedral and the conventicle, he is apt to be depressed by an organic solo or a rueful dirge; but escaping to the Methodist meeting, he finds their "glory" all "awake:"

they are "taking the psalm, and bringing the pleasant harp with the psaltery, and blowing up the trumpet," and with exulting rivalry, "young men and maidens, old men and children," are praising the Lord. In the eagerness of first love is he exclaiming, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul!" But nobody will stop to listen; and so, for an audience he is driven away to the love-feast or class-meeting. In the exuberance of a newly-awakened zeal, would he like an outlet for his energies, a field of Christian activity? In the sanctuary which he has hitherto frequented he feels himself a cipher. He has never been invited to engage in any scheme of usefulness, and, except the neat and noiseless sexton who bows him into his pew, no one seems to know him. But he has not worshipped three Sabbaths with the Methodists when he is recognised and accosted, and three months have not passed before he is installed in the Sunday-school, or with a bundle of tracts and a roving commission is sent out into the highways and hedges. The portrait of the great founder on the wall, a box for Wesleyan missions on the mantel-shelf, placards of the next anniversary in the shop window, the occasional dropping in of a brother during the day with friendly inquiry as to his health of soul, hearty hand-shakings at the evening prayer-meeting, and a vesper stanza from the consecrated hymn-book, all betoken the activity, the brotherly-kindness, and the cheerful piety in the midst of

which the young Theophilus has found his ecclesiastical habitation and his congenial home.

The society which has yielded a logician so acute as the younger Treffry, and a systematist so masterly as Richard Watson, to say nothing of a scholar so erudite as Adam Clarke,—such a society cannot be reproached with the lack of Biblical or theological learning. Nevertheless, the lovers of metaphysical divinity and Scriptural exposition will not be apt to join a community whose migratory ministers and perpetual excitement make it a church upon wheels. Wesleyan Christianity is emotional and experimental; it has no attraction for severe reasoners and abstract speculators; nor is it adapted to spirits sedate or sombre. Its ready-made materials are the men of feeling; the sanguine, the impulsive, and enthusiastic natures, whom the grace of God makes the best evangelists, and the kind, humane, and homely natures whom the same grace converts into the salt of our English factories, the living epistles of such rural neighbourhoods as are blessed with their presence. And although the predominance of the emotional element in Wesleyan membership is not without its inconvenience and its perils; although it aggravates the task of the governing body, and renders periods of internal commotion vehement and almost volcanic; still, in the normal state of the society, it gives a peculiar animation to the services of its sanctuaries, and an intensity to its

missionary zeal, far beyond the proportion of most of the other Christian communities; and from what we know of his ardent temperament, we cannot wonder that the Wesleyan Society was the church which, after his conversion, Mr Williams joined.

The last chapter left him on a tour of North Wales. A short journey re-established his health, and he returned to Burslem to receive a warm welcome from former patients and friends. We shall now resume his own narrative:—

"I sought to become connected with the visible Church of Christ. Previous to my illness I had for nearly twelve months attended divine service at the Wesleyan chapel, owing to the esteem I entertained for the abilities and eloquence of the ministers then laboring in the circuit. But I never looked on myself as a Methodist, nor professed to belong to any church. In my early years I had with my parents attended the tabernacle of the Independents, and as I grew older I occasionally went to the Established Church. When a student in London, except when some popular clergyman attracted my notice, I generally absented myself entirely from public worship. In those days I should have scorned the thought as an insult to my understanding, had it been suggested that I might some day join the Methodist Society. For them, of all sects, I had the greatest distaste, and they were a by-word and a reproach in my mouth. However, from many opportunities

of judging of one individual amongst them—the same who proved such a friend during my illness—I had arrived at a much more elevated opinion of Christian integrity and worth than I had ever entertained before; and now gratitude as well as high respect bound me to the Wesleyan Church through him. Besides, their fervent zeal for the cause of God was attractive to my now roused feelings. I desired that every creature should rejoice in the glorious tidings revealed to myself, and could have wished for a trumpet tongue to echo salvation over the length and breadth of the earth.

"Accordingly, on the 29th of November 1846, I presented myself at one of the class meetings, the leader of which was my already tried friend, and received a ticket on trial. The minister was present that evening, and, besides giving expression to that presence of God which he enjoyed in his own soul, he addressed interrogatories, counsel, admonition, and encouragement to each one of us. With our veteran leader I was delighted; such was the honest truthfulness of all he said, and such the evidence he afforded of living in very near communion with God in Christ Jesus. However, there were feelings in my breast which I little expected to find there. That pride which depreciates the understanding of others and exalts our own, and which so abounded in my secret thoughts and actions before my conversion, I found sensibly

existing now. I tried to conquer it, but it was not yet overthrown. It was the intrenched fortress of the enemy, from which he could issue at any unguarded moment, and lay waste my peace of mind. Many have been his triumphs. Many a time has he taken me captive at his will; but I feel that I shall be more than conqueror through Him that loved me, and shall finally sing the glories of Him that giveth us the victory.

"As I became better acquainted with the society, I found that its doctrines and organisation wonderfully coincided with my daily increasing knowledge of the Scriptures, and with the teaching which God's Spirit imparted to me. I found it was God's will that I should be associated with one individual who served God in spirit and in truth; but, alas! how immeasurably distant was the period when I could hope to be thus fervent in spirit, serving the Lord! Day by day I found fresh evidence of the depravity of my evil heart. I certainly felt an earnest desire after righteousness; but my religion, I soon perceived, was too much characterised by fits and starts, too much influenced by circumstances and occasions. It was too much a religion of emotions and feelings; and in the brief space of a single day there were intervals of negligence and apathy, when worldly avocations darkened my mind; and when the hour of prayer arrived, the burden of my sins bore heavily on my heart.

"The most striking instance of the revealment of

myself, in all my spiritual destitution, occurred some months after my conversion. For some time there had been a fearful conflict going on—desires to do the will of God, on the one part, and yet a total incapacity to make good my intentions. I perceived an increasing helplessness—a powerlessness and inability to maintain a single resolution. The family devotions I had instituted I felt absolutely inadequate to perform. My prayers were without fervency. I could scarce find language for the most ordinary sentiment, and I was utterly ashamed and confounded at myself. The profession of religion in such circumstances seemed impossible, and I was dispirited at the prospect of attending my class, where I could only expose the poverty and listlessness of my mind. I was ready to despair, and give up the whole. The secret of it all was not then known to me. I had yet to learn a most important lesson, which was, that I had been hitherto trusting to my own strength, and had not recollected how, without the aid of God's Holy Spirit, I could not perform one duty aright.

"For weeks—I may say for months—it continued thus. Various temptations came in my way, and I felt that I had repeatedly sinned against God. My soul became darker and darker, and in deep trouble I groaned and wept over my sad condition. Doubts assailed me as to the truth of all; but these I repelled with amazement and horror. There was still an inward sincerity of heart in seeking after

God; and hour after hour, on my bended knees, did I seek his help, but without any perceptible progress in inward holiness or spiritual enlightenment.

"The climax of this condition was attained on a Sunday night. I had spent part of the Sabbath carelessly, and my conscience was heavily laden with sin. My household had retired to rest, and I was left alone. I was disposed to follow their example, but I was not prepared to commit myself in prayer to God. I felt no inclination for it; but to go to bed without prayer was impossible. I therefore sat down and tried to read. However, my thoughts would not permit me to go on with the book, and I was compelled to desist. I was now sitting in what I may term a sullen moodiness. There was a heavy weight on my heart, and a terrible darkness began to throw its shadows around me. I began to be alarmed at my position; I was staggered at my callousness and insensibility. My convictions I retained in full force, but I felt that I was without religion. God seemed at an infinite distance. An abyss of darkness intervened between him and my soul. The thought that I was forsaken by the Spirit of God, and abandoned to a reprobate heart, took possession of my mind; and, looking to the future, I saw how different were now my hopes and prospects. I lay full length on the hearth-rug, in absolute despair. At length I tried to pray, but my lips refused their office: pray I could not. I

felt that I had now a real foretaste of hell, for I was without God and without hope. Hours rolled away, and I loathed myself, and abhorred the picture of my own heart which I now beheld. I made renewed efforts at prayer, and determined that, if I could express no more, I would repeat the publican's petition, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.' I did so. Though it was the depth of winter, the morning's light broke in whilst I was still engaged in fervent supplication. I acknowledged my guilt; I pleaded the blood of Christ shed for me; I sued for mercy; but no consolation was afforded, and, quite exhausted, I retired to bed. There I renewed my prayer, and while so doing I fell asleep. Shortly after, I awoke, and, kneeling by my bed-side, I besought the Lord for a ray of heavenly light. Still without a satisfactory sense of God's love, I rested again for a short time; and, on awaking, a flood of holy joy and peace burst in. God was present to my soul, and his love was manifest to a degree more rapturous than I had ever before experienced. I praised, I adored, I blessed my Redeemer.

"From this time I began to understand more fully, or rather it was now that I began to understand at all, the nature of the human heart in its unregenerate state, and what are the glorious changes to be expected from redeeming grace. I perceived what a vitally important part in the work of redemption pertains to the Holy Spirit, and that every change, and each step in the way of holiness,

is effected by his agency; and this, too, in compliance with an earnest desire, and in answer to fervent prayer. A most abhorrent picture of myself had been set before me, and I felt that it was just what I should be were the Spirit of God withdrawn. Hence there was nothing for self-righteousness to build upon, and all pride was utterly confounded. The glory of my salvation belonged only to the Redeemer—to God manifest in Christ Jesus; and every grace was furnished through him, and imparted by the Spirit of Grace. To me nothing remained but humility, and prayer, and praise. Self was prostrate; Christ was magnified. Hitherto I had believed in Christ, but now I began to see what faith in Christ really meant. It was no longer the mere belief of assent, but the belief of trust; no longer a dead, but a living and working faith. I had now no remote nor indefinite object to attain, but an immediate advantage to pursue. Glorious as was the thought of an ultimate salvation, it could scarce afford an impulse so quickening as the conviction that holiness of heart and the peace of God might be obtained in this life, and an absolute change of being be even now effected. Here was scope enough for all diligence, and for the fervency of prayer.

"For clearness I shall repeat the knowledge I now gained. I had fancied that in the change wrought upon me at my conversion, the vile condition of my heart would have been altogether

amended and rectified; and I anticipated nothing but purity of thought and conformity to God. Disappointed in this, I began to doubt if the change I had undergone were sufficient, and when I found that sin had still dominion over me, I was almost tempted to mistrust the power assigned to religion. But when I knew my heart better, I perceived that I had never been truly self-abased, nor brought into a subjection to God sufficiently lowly. But now that I knew that the very essence of my nature was sin in God's sight, in that very discovery there was laid the foundation for building a holy temple unto God. I now felt an enmity to the flesh which warred against the spirit, and I could now with delight and comfort seek the aid of God in the contest. The light of his countenance shone upon me; his Word grew precious to me; and with the knowledge that his Spirit helpeth our infirmities, I trust to set about the work of ordering all things rightly in his sight more seriously than ever.".

The grace which he coveted was granted, and the career of Mr Williams was henceforth marked by warm and consistent piety. In his profession more popular than ever, and, owing to his humane and disinterested exertions, in great request among the poor, he often seized the opportunity to urge on their attention the interests of their never-dying souls. His faithful counsels and exhortations were frequently crowned with success; and long before

he had thoughts of laboring abroad, he had become a medical missionary at home. In the year when Burslem was visited by cholera, the success of his treatment entailed on him an enormous pressure of employment; but, even amidst all the toil and hurry of that anxious season, he found time to pray with the sick, and to point them to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. In his manner there was something very softening and assuring, as well as very impressive; and in repeated instances he had reason to hope that his "labor was not in vain in the Lord." Several departed declaring that their only confidence was in the merits and mediation of that Saviour to whom he had directed their dying eye; and in the memory of many of his patients he still lives as the good physician who strove so earnestly for the cure of "all their diseases."

One field of his usefulness must not be forgotten. He was in the habit of visiting the barracks at Burslem, and distributing tracts to the soldiers. In two instances, at least, he succeeded in reawakening religious impressions; and the men whom he then induced to join the Wesleyan Society still maintain their steadfastness. With one of them, after he left Burslem, Mr Williams kept up an affectionate correspondence; and we may transcribe a few sentences from the first of his letters:—

"BURSLEM, *April* 26, 1850.

. . . "Remember, my brother, that it is a matter of very little consequence what form our trials take. To the ungodly, afflictions are indeed vexations; but although to the Christian they are grievous, yet they are cheerfully to be submitted to, rejoicing that we are counted worthy to suffer as sons, and that our heavenly Father chasteneth us for our profit. The Lord give us more faith and love! Seek, my dear brother, ever to have fellowship with God the Father and God the Son in the Spirit, and let the thought of such amazing privilege raise and ennoble your affections, whilst you grow indifferent more and more to worldly hopes and worldly fears. Set all your affections on things above, and declare in the face of all men that here you are but a pilgrim and sojourner, as were all your fathers in the faith before you. When you find your heart oppressed, bethink you of the glorious reward Christ will give to all his tempted but faithful followers, who shall all come to the place of their rest through much tribulation.

"The Lord bless you, my dear brother. You must endeavour to beat up recruits and enlist them into the service of the great and glorious King of kings, the blessed and only Potentate. Shew every man who doubts your being appointed on such service the sign-manual of your Captain himself,—'The Spirit and the Bride say, Come; and

let him that heareth say, Come.' You have heard and received the words of eternal life: therefore take up your cross, follow your crucified Master, and share his reproach and sufferings.

"From your sincerely affectionate brother in the Lord, "R. WILLIAMS."

On the principle indicated in the close of this letter, Mr Williams was already acting. He opened rooms in several neglected districts of the town, and as many as could be induced to attend he exhorted with much power and tenderness to flee from the wrath to come. A marked impression was often produced; and an eye-witness informs us that from these labors "a few of the most useful men have been raised up, and are following his way of kindness to the souls and bodies of their neighbours."

Mr Williams was thus gradually drawn into the work of a home missionary. He enjoyed it exceedingly. It was an outlet for all the energies of his eager and benevolent nature, and the impression frequently produced was a delightful recompence, and cheered him to proceed. He began to feel that in such labors he would fain "spend and be spent;" and belonging to a community in which evangelistic effort has been an almost invariable result from personal piety, it is not wonderful that his thoughts began to be directed towards the missionary enterprise. Just as his thorough-going

enthusiasm at a former period had forced its way from the workshop to the college, so now the same fervor, intensified and consecrated, was urging him out into the field of the world; and, although in a quarter little expected, a door was about to open.

CHAPTER IV.

The Mission.

SHINE, mighty God, on Britain shine,
  With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
  And shew thy smiling face.

When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
  Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
  Their Saviour and their God?

Psalm lxvii. 1–3.—*Watts*.

If the love of Christ, above everything else, does not constrain us to engage in the missionary work, surely, instead of finding happiness, of all persons we shall be the most miserable.—*Gordon Hall*.

THERE was a Christian officer of the British Navy, whose attention had been especially directed to the South American Indians. He was peculiarly prepossessed in favor of the Araucanian tribes in Bolivia and La Plata, and at great personal hazard he undertook repeated journeys of exploration among them. His object was to discover an opening for the introduction of the gospel; but he found them so suspicious of strangers, and on every side so hemmed in by Spanish Popery, that he was shut up to the conclusion that little could be effected till the local governments became more tolerant, and a better understanding was established betwixt the independent Indians and their white neighbours.

However, one region appeared more practicable. This was the extreme south of the American mainland. There were no Romish priests in Patagonia, and scarcely any commencement of European settlements. The Patagonians were a race of good capacity; and should the truth once find a lodg-

ment amongst them, it was hoped that it might be thence transmitted to the northward, without needing to cross the barrier which Popery had thrown around the coast.

Full of his benevolent project, Captain Gardiner came to England. He succeeded in indoctrinating with his views a few friends, and inspired them with a measure of his own enthusiasm. So intent was he on the execution of his plan, and so secure of its ultimate success, that he was willing to devote to it not only his life and his property, but he proposed to take with him his wife and family, and establish his future home in Patagonia.

Meanwhile, a small committee was formed at Brighton, with Sir Thomas Blomefield as the treasurer; and in December 1844, Captain Gardiner, accompanied by Mr Hunt, a missionary catechist, set sail for Cape Gregory. But the experiment failed. The inveterate thieving propensities of the natives, and the daily increasing risk of violence, rendered a longer sojourn on shore impossible; and after a month of anxiety and danger, the Captain and his companion were glad to take refuge on ship-board, and return to England.

What he had experienced at Cape Gregory, convinced Captain Gardiner that it would not be safe for any missionary party to put itself entirely in the power of the natives. And, therefore, he proposed a scheme which he hoped would secure them in case of danger. He recommended that a

decked boat should be provided, into which the missionaries might retreat when needful; and, as farther researches had led him to prefer Tierra del Fuego to the Patagonian mainland, in this vessel they would be able to follow, from island to island, the migrations of the restless inhabitants.

Early in 1848 a trial was made; but so imperfect were the means at the disposal of Captain Gardiner, that he found it impossible to persevere. Accordingly, he again returned to England, nowise daunted by his repeated disappointments, and confident of triumph could he only command the requisite appliances. But two apparent failures were trying to the zeal of his most sanguine supporters, and the mission was not of that magnificent kind which lays hold of romantic sympathies. There was little attraction in a few dim and oozy islets away at the world's end; and, to many, the very name of a "Patagonian" mission suggested a sort of pious Quixotism. Besides, it was not unfairly argued, Why waste the Church's resources on a handful of savages, when the millions of India and China have such a prepollent claim?

But the South American Indians had seized the imagination and the heart of Captain Gardiner, and he would allow his friends no rest till they gave him a fair and final opportunity. Far away as Fuegia was, and few as were its hungry barbarians, he could plead their relative importance. Guiana excepted, of all that mighty continent no

other spot was accessible to Protestant missions. It was the Gibraltar of the South Pacific, and it was of no small consequence to our mariners to people with friendly occupants the Straits of Magellan and the coasts in the rear of Cape Horn. Above all, it was the only avenue attainable to the vast tribes of the interior—the tenants of the Andes, and the fierce nomads of the Pampas; and as Popery had closed the main gates against the gospel, it was of paramount urgency to seize and keep open this postern.

The representations of this heroic evangelist again produced their impression, and his own self-devotion was more affecting than any argument. He put his life into the venture; others gave their money; one lady contributed a thousand pounds; a new committee was constructed; meetings were held; circulars were issued. Two launches, twenty-six feet long, were built, the one as a floating mission-house, the other as a store-ship and magazine, with two small boats as tenders. An advertisement was inserted in the religious newspapers inviting catechists to join the expedition; and for the manning of the boats, a few suitable seamen were selected.*

* A full account of these proceedings will be found in the "Narrative of Missionary Effort in South America," by the Rev. George Pakenham Despard, B.A. For many interesting details the editor is also indebted to an obliging communication from Archibald Tucker Ritchie, Esq., of Liverpool, Mr Pakenham's able and ardent predecessor in the Secretariat of the Patagonian Missionary Society.

It was to this advertisement that the eye of Mr Williams was providentially directed, and he answered it in the following letter addressed to Captain Gardiner:—

"BURSLEM, *May* 17, 1850.

"SIR,—Having observed in the *Watchman* of the current week an advertisement for a lay missionary to Tierra del Fuego, I beg leave to request farther particulars in reference to the mission, and to be furnished with specific information as to the qualifications required in the individual presenting himself.

"The advertisement has struck me as presenting a singular opportunity of realising hopes which have been long indulged,—namely, of devoting my whole life and services to the cause of God. Were I to engage in such a duty, it would not be because of any necessity to seek a livelihood, as I am already provided with a profession, and in the enjoyment of an income therefrom adequate to my necessities and wishes. Indeed, if I sought for an engagement in connexion with such an arduous enterprise, I should do it with a full consciousness of its requiring a sacrifice of all worldly and temporal good, sincerely reckoning all such loss to be gain, and, I hope, ready also to put even life in jeopardy that I might serve Christ, and be in his hand an instrument, however humble, to advance his dominion.

"I will just state a few particulars concerning myself:—

"I am, I humbly trust, a converted man, having received the grace of God which bringeth salvation, little more than three years,—previous to which I had been a sceptic and deist.

"I belong to the Wesleyan Methodist communion, and am a local preacher and class leader. From the time of my conversion, and with an ardent desire to promulgate the truths which so deeply affected my own heart, I have been acting on the principle of a home missionary, convening the poor together, and exhorting them to receive Christ; and God has acknowledged and blessed my labors to the conversion of some, if not many, souls.

"My profession is that of surgeon, which I have been practising in this town with, I believe, credit, and the esteem of my fellow-townsmen. I am single, and just arrived at my thirty-third year. I may add that I have been in practice on my own account for nearly five years."

This letter was favorably received. The committee satisfied itself as to Mr Williams's personal worth and general qualifications; and, having passed satisfactorily an examination in theology, he was appointed, along with Mr Maidment, a catechist in the Fuegian Mission.

In taking this step, Mr Williams relinquished a

good income, and postponed for a long period some cherished prospects. Nor was it a slight trial to his tender and affectionate spirit to part with so many loved friends and relatives. But happily, after his services were accepted, so short a period elapsed till he found himself on ship-board, that there was no time for protracted partings or sorrowful musings. Before he could dispose of his practice, or go to bid farewell to some of his nearest kindred, the time of embarkation had arrived, and it required his best speed to reach Liverpool before the sailing of the *Ocean Queen.*

CHAPTER V.

The Voyage.

THE storm is changed into a calm
  At His command and will;
So that the waves, which raged before,
  Now quiet are and still.

Then are they glad, because at rest,
  And quiet now they be:
So to the haven He them brings,
  Which they desired to see.

Psalm cvii. 29, 30.—*Scotch Version.*

These difficulties are nothing in reality. He that has an object in view so exciting as the acquisition of ability to preach Christ to the heathen, plods along without one thought of weariness or inconvenience; loving to tread the rough furrows, because he sees them strewn with the promise of many a sheaf.—*Rev. William Arthur.*

THE partings were mostly over beforehand, and the tranquillity and content of its autumn were filling the air of England on the day when the pilgrims left it. And the peace of God was keeping their minds. Mr Ritchie, the early and ardent promoter of the mission, and a few other friends, accompanied them to the ship, and, from the cheerfulness of the voyagers, augured the best for the success of their expedition. They considered their preparations complete, and with hearts strong and hopeful, they bore away down the Mersey.*

* From Mr Ritchie's communication, already mentioned, we may give the following particulars of the last hour at Liverpool. Captain Gardiner had not yet reached the vessel, which was already warping out of dock: "I endeavoured, however, to improve the precious moments by carrying on a conversation from the wharf with our friends on the poop-deck, who were dressed in their sea-going garbs, and protected from a hot September sun by broad-brimmed 'sombreros.' They seemed full of hope, and animated by a high and holy zeal for the great cause on which they were about to proceed; and, judging from their healthful animated looks, they were as well adapted as any men ever

During the voyage, as well as afterwards in the place of his destination, *Mr Williams kept* a copious journal. This companion of his wanderings, and confidant of all his musings, has survived many perils, and been sent home to its author's family. From its daily records we gather the following account of the voyage:—

"*Saturday, September* 7, 1850.—Came on board the *Ocean Queen* at eleven A.M. At noon hauled out of the Brunswick Dock Basin, and taken in tow by steam-tug.

"Fairly on board and standing out for the wide ocean, how varied were the emotions felt! But the one above all others was a sense of joy at the cer-

were for the fatigues and privations which stared them in the face." "When Captain Gardiner arrived, I particularly remember asking him, with that frankness which became our intimacy, for how long a period he considered the provisions he was taking would serve the party; to which he replied, 'About six months after arrival, even allowing we catch no fish nor kill any game.' I expressed my regret that he had not taken a twelvemonth's provision at once, especially when he was aware of the difficulty, if not impracticability, of hereafter landing any at the mission,—owners not wishing to allow their vessels to deflect from their course, to touch at so dangerous a coast as Tierra del Fuego. On this he gave me explanations,—based on the state of the funds of the Mission, the certainty of damage by wet and damp, and the exposure to robbery by the natives,—which, no doubt, were perfectly satisfactory to himself, and must also have been so to me, for I thought little further on the subject. Shortly afterwards, about noon, the *Ocean Queen* was warped through the gates, and, following her tug-steamer, swam nobly down the vassal river, amid cheers from the pier-head, much augmented by the numerous friends of the San Francisco emigrants, and the response from on board, until at length she was lost in the haze."

tainty of now being actually engaged in the great work of making known the Saviour of the world, and that, too, to a poor benighted people—a race of savages.

"Now for the first time I saw those who were to be my companions in the work of faith. These I found (besides Captain Gardiner) consisted of my fellow catechist Mr Maidment, Joseph Erwin, ship-carpenter, and our three boatmen from Mousehole, near Penzance,—John Badcock, John Bryant, John Pearce.

"The vessel is bound for San Francisco, California, being 568 tons burden, commanded by Captain H. S. Cooper, and carrying, besides our own party, a lady and gentleman from Liverpool, with their children and two servants, and four German Jews.

"*Sunday, September* 8.—Captain Gardiner conducted services in the cabin, morning and night; but I could not venture to be present,—as yet unable to bear the motion below.

"I have much enjoyed the day, and felt much of the goodness of God whilst pondering on my situation. However, I can scarcely realise the actuality of my position and this novel change so suddenly brought about.—My poor dear friends!

"*Thursday, September* 12.—I have now had time to see something of my associates. The more I see of Captain Allen Gardiner, the more I admire his character. Day by day he opens up before me in

some new and pleasing light. I am sure he will gain not only on my esteem, but also on my affections. Every morning he reads a chapter and expounds it, and then prays. In the evening I or my fellow-catechist read the Scriptures and pray. I am greatly pleased and derive much edification from the enlightened and truly spiritual character of the Captain's observations on the Scriptures, and the unction which accompanies his prayers.

"One of our boatmen, John Pearce, is ill with continued fever, contracted before he left home, where fever was prevailing. He felt indisposed for a day or two before he came on board. May God preserve him to us, and enable me to act judiciously in the treatment of his case!

"*Tuesday, September* 17.—Lat. 39° 52′, long. 18° 8′. Wind directly aft; sea very smooth; weather exceedingly fair and quite warm, so that we need only light clothing. The nights, too, are very beautiful. As things now are, a sea life is really very delightful. We expect to be off Madeira in a day or two, and have already a foretaste of its balm-breathing atmosphere and sunny clime.

"Our boatman, John Pearce, is happily much better; and now, thank God, there is every hope of his speedy recovery. And what is very pleasing, there is no appearance of the fever spreading to any others on board.

"We have been now ten days at sea. I begin to realise the fact without so much maziness and

wonder as I felt at first. The change from my accustomed avocations to a voyage for a distant land was so abrupt and sudden, that it was impossible not to feel occasionally startled at the newness of my position. Being unable, owing to the shortness of time, to dispose of my practice, I was engaged up to the day of my leaving Burslem, without having so much as the opportunity of visiting absent friends, from whom I had already been separated for years past.

"When I reflect on the circumstances with which I had to contend in entering on this engagement, I feel how great a cause I have for thankfulness to the grace of God which has sustained me, and enabled me to keep faithful to my purpose. Scarcely four months elapsed between my first hearing of the Patagonian Missions and my embarkation. Settled in practice upwards of five years, with a large connexion, many friends, and some strong ties, to dissever myself from long-formed associations, and to settle all my affairs in so short a time, presented difficulties that at times seemed insuperable. However, from the moment of pledging myself to the work, I had a firm confidence that I should be able to overcome every obstacle. But when the time of my departure drew near, and when, after every effort, my affairs were as far from settlement as ever, a fear for the first time crossed my mind as to whether it was really God's will that I should go. One morning, I awoke with

a feeling of sadness, which deepened upon me. And yet I saw that I could never again be happy if anything prevented my going. I saw that I could never be the same man, nor look forward to a career of usefulness equal to the past, trifling as that had been. This state of mind continued till the evening of the second day, when suddenly light shone in upon my mind, and comfort and consolation filled my heart. I saw that I had been suffering from the tempter, but now God had restored his energizing grace and strength, and I resolved that nothing short of illness or death should prevent my going forth in his name. My friends, who had greatly rejoiced at the momentary hope of my not leaving them, had now the sad disappointment of seeing me more firm in my purpose than ever. I felt for thee, my poor dear Annie, when I was necessitated to check again all thy rising hopes that thy brother would not leave thee. The flush of exultation was on thy cheek, the triumph of thy heart sparkled in thy eye, when I was obliged again to tell thee, 'It cannot be. No: I must go. It is the will of God. Annie, I must go.' May God comfort the kindest and most tender-hearted of sisters that ever brother was blessed with! God comfort and sustain thee, Annie!

"I shall not readily forget the evening of my leaving Burslem. Though sad to part with so many dear old friends, yet to see such an assem-

blage of Christian brethren, each with a tear in his eye and a prayer on his lips, to wish me God speed, was sweetly touching to my heart. I do not forget you, my beloved friends. How happy is the thought that on so many praying lips my name will often find a place when the Holy One of Israel is sought in fervent devotion!

"*Wednesday, Sept.* 18.—Everything is so agreeable, that at present our voyage is like a pleasure trip. On deck, where we remain for the most part of the day, enjoying the warm sunshine and the fresh balmy breeze, with a clear sky and the deep blue waters, with the ship steadily stealing away, and all clean and orderly around us, cheerful countenances and pleasing associates,—there seems scarce any thing awanting to contribute to our enjoyment. I have felt real happiness this day. Nothing has occurred that could make it otherwise. There has been communion betwixt my soul and God the whole day long. I have had the Scriptures in my hand, reading and meditating the greater part of the day; and the Word has been applied by the Spirit of Truth with refreshing power to my soul. I have been drinking of the river whose waters make glad the city of the living God. Now thrown entirely on the Lord, in body, soul, and spirit given up to God, seeking to draw nigher and closer unto Him whom I love and in whom I am chosen, aspiring after more of the precious influences of the Spirit of grace and love,

desiring to be perfected in the knowledge and love of Christ, I have this day felt that God is willing to give me far more abundantly than all I can ask or think. His banner has been spread over me, and the presence of Christ fills my heart with joys that are unutterable.

"This evening I commenced a class meeting, Erwin and the boatmen joining me. The Lord was graciously present to bless. I was much pleased with the simplicity and earnestness of their experience. Poor Erwin, who has not yet found Christ as his Saviour, was much affected, and, I believe, is not very far from the kingdom of God. May the Lord help him speedily to step in into the glorious liberty of the sons of God!

"*Thursday, Sept.* 19.—I am deriving much good from witnessing the Christian character exemplified so strikingly in the person of our beloved Captain [Gardiner]. Truly he is a man of God. There is a devotedness to God manifested by him delightful to witness;—a fervid piety, with great simplicity of deportment, a high tone of exalted greatness of soul, with the absence of all pride or self-elevation. His mind is evidently deeply imbued with the Word of Life. I sink utterly into nothingness by comparison with him. I esteem it a great privilege to have such a living example set before me. Hitherto I have had to struggle on unaided by man in my efforts to gain the mastery over an evil heart of unbelief. Now I feel I shall

derive great help and encouragement from seeing one far advanced in the way of holiness exemplifying the graces of the Christian character. He has made me a present of two works written by him —*Travels in Africa*, and *A Voice from South America*.

"*Saturday, Sept.* 21.—Had our last view of Madeira at noon, distant from us about fifty miles. A lovely day,—the thermometer in the cabin ranging above summer heat,—in the sun very hot. To-day I had occasion to go to the forecastle to attend on two of the sailors who were confined by sickness. This gave me an opportunity of talking to the men, and I had a long conversation with them, and endeavoured to impress their minds, by God's help, with thoughts concerning their own salvation. They listened respectfully. Since coming on board, I have been much affected by feeling myself palpably surrounded with wickedness on all hands. Happily the position is quite novel; for, although I have been ever moving among the worldly and the profane, yet I have been able to retire from amongst them into the seclusion of my own or some other quiet home. But now the harsh sound of vice reaches my ear all the day long, and I feel I am indeed a stranger and a pilgrim here. I bless the Lord that I look not for an abiding place, a continuing city amongst men, but that I am travelling with a consciousness of its being the wilderness, and looking forward to the rest which God

hath prepared for his people. 'Twere a sin against God to expect or seek a rest here in this world. Here we must labor and lay up our treasure with God. Here we must toil and patiently endure the burden and heat of the day. Here we must wage our warfare, and fight the good fight of faith. 'Behold, God will come with a recompence.' I will look forward and hasten unto the day of his appearing. I bless and praise God that I feel the Lord most graciously helping me, strengthening me, enlarging my faith, inspiring me with hope and confidence, and giving me sensibly to feel the tokens of his love. The sunshine of God is in my heart,—it feels the love of Christ.

"I do desire to glorify God. I long to love God with my whole soul. I seek and earnestly desire to have my every thought directed to the Lord. I truly wish for nothing the whole earth contains. I ask for nothing but grace to love God with all my heart, and mind, and soul, and strength, and, accepted of him, to be laid out and be spent in his service, to his honor and glory. With the world I have done,—with all its interests and pursuits, as far as feeling more attachment to them than as things with which, whilst it pleases God, I am for a moment connected. But my treasure and my heart are both in heaven. Grant, O Lord, that I may truly love thee! Cold is my heart toward thee; O give me thy love! Lord Jesus, hear and answer this my prayer!

"Ah, my dear,—my beloved friends, how many have been your anxious thoughts ere this! O may the Almighty God who blesses me with his peace, and gives me to taste the sweet consolations of Christ, bless you also, and keep your hearts from all doubts and tormenting fears! I am safe from all harm and secure from all evil in his hands. I wish I just could tell each one of you so. God bless you all.—The moment for our meeting together in prayer has just arrived.

"*Monday, September* 23.—Yesterday—the Sabbath, we had a very delightful day. In the morning Captain Gardiner conducted the service, and read a sermon; in the evening, Mr Maidment. These services were held in the cabin, and there was a large muster of the ship's company present, and a precious opportunity was afforded for sowing the seed of life. But I fear the opportunity was somewhat lost, for the reason that the discourses were not suitable and adapted to the minds of these poor ignorant men. I felt this at the time, and determined to prepare a sermon for the next Sabbath evening, in dependence on Divine help.

"This evening I went forward to the forecastle in company with Mr Maidment. We found most of the sailors present, nothing being doing on deck, as there was a perfect calm. They had just concluded a very jovial song with a boisterous chorus; and a party of them were engaged with cards. I treated them as gently as possible, and

as I have had an interview with many of them individually before, I managed to work my way pretty smoothly. The card-players, however, were very intent on their game, and tried to evade our notice. At length I asked them if they would allow me to pray with them, to which they consented. I had great liberty and access to God, and the men afterwards thanked me, and seemed to think I had done them a kindness. May the Lord bless the effort, made in his name, to their good!

"*Wednesday, October* 2.—Lat. 13° 57′, long. 26° 35′. Light winds, and very hot. All the Jews ill with fever. Mrs T—— likewise ill. Extracted a tooth for Captain C. Now that there is absolute need of my aid, I feel a high degree of gratification that I am able to afford assistance, and feel the value of my profession more, I think, than I ever did. What a pleasure to practise medicine irrespective of pecuniary considerations! How much more pleasurable to do good for its own sake, and to relieve the sufferings of our fellow-creatures, and to have our reward in the pleasure of doing so, than to connect therewith the gain of money! Would circumstances have allowed it, I should willingly have practised without making any charge. How often did I regret that I had an expensive establishment to keep up; and wished it was but a cottage, and that I might practise as a poor man amongst the poor! I never desired to increase my connexion amongst the

more respectable; for so much unnecessary formality was required by them, and with them I had not the same privilege of addressing them in the language of affectionate concern, or of offering spiritual advice to their souls. The poor have generally some consciousness of their spiritual as well as temporal destitution, and they are more frequently accessible to a kindly intended act of Christian philanthropy. But the rich and the respectable feel that their worldly position entitles them to consideration, and they expect that deference should be paid as well to their opinions as to their rank; hence, they are offended by any display of a disposition to teach and instruct them. 'Thou wast altogether born in sin,' is their language, 'and dost thou teach us?' In the happy change now presented to me in prospect, may God grant that I may live unweariedly employed in doing good, and enjoy the sweet charm of a life spent in beneficence to others, and those others a race of beings who have scarcely ever felt the flowings of human kindness toward them! O Jesus, blessed Saviour, let these poor heathen, to whom thou art sending us, taste of thy precious love, and know thee in the riches of thy infinite mercy! Darkest and most wretched of the human race, my precious Saviour, it will be a fit occasion to serve thee, in displaying thy goodness to ransom vile man in his utmost degradation, and thy willingness that not one should perish, but that all

men should be saved. Lord Jesus, it is thy will these should behold a great light shining forth from thy presence in their darkness. O let thy Spirit of grace go in advance of us, and dispose their hearts to receive thy truth!

"*Thursday, October* 3.—Bless God! I feel the Lord is good and gracious to my soul. He is drawing me by the cords of his love. Jesus is becoming more and more precious; my heart feels more true interest and delight in him. I more clearly feel now, what, for a time, I failed to experience, that even when my heart would withdraw from the Lord, at a time when doubts and evil thoughts were suggested—that then, as at all other times, Jesus is waiting to hear our cry for help. When perplexed by a sense of the evil of my heart, struck with its hardness and insensibility, impressed with its base ingratitude and forgetfulness of God, and horrified with the vile thoughts injected into my mind,—how often have I kept my eye fixed on my condition, until I could scarce lift it up to God, and with a weak faith have hesitated to approach my beloved Lord! But now I happily know that,—feel what I may of the workings of evil within, however strong the evidence of my own baseness,—so far from keeping me from applying to Jesus, this is the greater reason for my instant looking up to him as 'the Lord my righteousness.' I bless God for a livelier trust in the atonement of the blood of Christ, and for a

more assured trust in Jesus, as my ever-willing, ever-able, and ever-present Saviour. How does my heart cleave to thee, my Lord! Assuredly whilst I have hold upon thee, my ransom and plea, my surety and trust, my hope and my joy, my portion and my only love, all is, all will be well.

"*Wednesday, October* 23.—Crossed the line at about three A.M.

"*Friday,* 25.—Left off smoking and taking snuff. Gave my tobacco and meerschaum to Erwin, my canister of snuff to the captain."

The foregoing extracts give a pleasing impression of the writer. They bring out his tender affection for his friends, the humanity and kindliness of his nature, and that delightful disposition which makes the most of the present and hopes the best for the future. They also evince his habitual watchfulness over himself, and his firm faith in a Divine sanctifying agency; and they glow with that adoring affection to the Saviour which is the surest sign of piety, and the richest source of personal excellence. We think they can scarcely fail to edify the reader and endear the writer.

But amidst these records of Christian experience, some may regard the homely details of the following passage as a dreadful descent. We have no such feeling. It is in such contests that the reality of men's faith and the value of their "frames" are tested. And the Christianity, however rapturous,

which has never renounced a besetting sin, nor conquered a bad habit, is too like the patriotism which is confined to toasts and national melodies, or the filial piety which, offering fond words and embraces in lieu of solid services, tries to be at once dutiful and self-indulgent. Mr Williams was honest. He believed that it was God's will that he should give up a certain gratification; and, though some would have tried to evade the sacrifice, though they would have offered confessions of their own weakness or high-flown protestations of their general devotedness, in lieu of this particular obedience, it was not thus deceitfully that he dealt with his Heavenly Father and with himself.

Nor should we be sorry if Mr Williams's example should find imitators amongst our readers. It is true that Dr Parr and Robert Hall were smokers. It is true that many good men are fond of the "naughty foreign weed," and that Ralph Erskine "spiritualised" it. And it may be true that under its influence the spirits are serene, the temper mild, and the entire man in a state of comfortable self-complacency. But we prefer the temper which is independent of tobacco; and we fear that in its self-complacency there is something illusive. At least we have known friends who, under its influence, fancied themselves far up Parnassus, but when the fog cleared away it proved only a spur of the mountain: and although, among our college companions, we remem-

ber clever men who smoked, whilst their duller neighbours studied; and although, in the mist of the meerschaum, they used to espy gigantic figures, which they hailed as their own glorious future; now that the "morgana" has melted, there is a sad contrast betwixt the cloudy colossus and the slip-shod original from which it was projected, and into which the stern day-light has resolved it again.

At all events, a minister, and much more a missionary, should deem himself a soldier, and the less dependent he is on these time-wasting enjoyments, the more lightly will he march, and the more ready will he be for instant action. Besides, a soldier must endure hardness. It is good for a man's Christianity to be the victor, even in such a contest as the battle with tobacco. Every success makes him a stronger and a happier man;—yes, and a great deal richer. In this warfare there is always prize-money. And if the reader is a lover of books, or if, with a most benevolent heart, he is always lamenting his empty hand, let him attack and spoil this enemy. The cigar-case will soon fill a handsome book-case; and were the snuff-box of the British churches converted into a box of charity, it would maintain all our missionaries, and would soon pay the debts of our chapels and schools.*

* For smoking, chewing, and snuffing, Great Britain pays a yearly bill of seven millions. Does she spend as much on books or benevolence?

"*Saturday, Oct.* 26.—S. lat. 6° 34′, long. 32° 14′. This has been a day ever to be remembered. The light of the Lord's countenance has broken upon me, after having severely felt that clouds of darkness were around me. For more than a month before leaving England I had given up the practice of smoking and taking snuff. The former habit I had practised for seven or eight years; the latter only occasionally. In fact, it was in consequence of leaving off smoking that I had recourse to a pinch as an occasional substitute. At various times I have been under strong impressions that I ought to leave it off, and have felt dissatisfied with myself for the self-indulgence. But the cravings after it were become so strong, and the will of the flesh so urgently demanded it, that it was no easy task to overcome the propensity. There is a charm in tobacco powerfully beguiling to the senses. Whether this arises from its soothing and sedative quality, or from its being generally associated with self-indulgence—serving as a plea for idleness, and for a general relaxation of the whole man, body and mind—certain it is, that tobacco has a power of enslaving its votaries to a remarkable degree. No one has ever been more enslaved than I have been; yet many times has my conscience smitten me, and frequently whilst in the act of smoking I have been obliged to lay the pipe aside. At times I thought I would leave it off altogether. Accordingly, I have given away or burnt the stock

of tobacco I had in hand, broken my pipes, and for days essayed to do without it. What cravings—what a sense of bereavement have I felt! None but an old smoker can have any idea of my miserable longings. I have envied the hodman and the meanest person with his short black pipe. The very perfume was a treat—to inhale it a respite. Vain were the efforts thus made. A toothache, some bodily disease, or the persuasion of others, induced a renewal of the habit, and its bond became stronger than ever. But the fiat had gone forth, 'Crucify the flesh with its affections and lusts;' and, blessed be God, there was One in me greater than all that were against me. Conscience became more and more severe upon me. At length I resolved to leave it off, and happily succeeded without experiencing any uncomfortable effects. This was six weeks before leaving England. During that time I kept firm my resolution, though, in lieu of smoking, I had recourse to snuff. Some of my friends, who thought I was going to unnecessary lengths of self-denial, would put up for me, amongst the equipments for my voyage, both tobacco, cigars, and a canister of snuff, and they made me promise to purchase a meerschaum. Well, I thought, circumstances may possibly be such as to render it desirable to have them; so I yielded to their wish. On board I could not resist the temptation of taking a cigar—such was my weakness; giving them freely away, and smoking

them daily, my stock was soon exhausted; but all the cravings for tobacco were re-acquired. I took to the meerschaum, but with the indulgence came the condemnation. My conscience would not allow me to continue; so I gave the canister of snuff to the captain of the ship, and reserved only a small quantity. Captain Cooper likewise had my meerschaum, on condition of my not requiring it again. Three or four days passed without having recourse to him for it, but never did I suffer such craving after it. My stomach became affected, and my spirits so depressed, that I was compelled to ask for it again. With a sense of great bodily relief and comfort, I smoked it; but, alas! my condemnation was great. Hurriedly opening a book in my hand, the question of the Psalmist was presented to my eye, 'Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not.' These words were applied to my mind most forcibly. I was condemned. But now I saw my duty; and, suffer what I might, I resolved to give up the practice in all its forms. Having sought mercy and forgiveness with the Lord, and his grace to help me, I gave away, in good earnest, all my tobacco, my pipe, and my snuff-box, and I threw overboard the small quantity of snuff I had reserved. Thus a complete riddance was effected.

"*Friday, November* 1.—This day has been a most happy one. Never, I think, did I enjoy

sweeter peace, nor feel a love so ardent and personal towards God my Saviour. The years of my life have rolled before me, and the various epochs and characteristic phases thereof have presented themselves to me in a new and striking light. The way of God with me, and his gracious dealing, in leading me through all the stages of my career, have exhibited instances multiplied indeed of infinite goodness, mercy, and love. But as yesterday I was the companion of schoolboys, drinking deep of the spirit of wonder, and opening up new worlds at every turn of my path, counting on the future of this life as an indefinite period, and on the scenes of this world's labors as an expanse without limits. Then manhood arrived. Ambition led the way—a desire to live among the names that die not, and to devote my life to the pursuit of knowledge. The hand of necessity, as it then seemed, but truly the hand of God, urged me on from one point to another, and never at any period of my life have I taken up a position as the result of my own forethought and determination. Even when blinded through the ignorance that was in me, I was led by a way that I knew not. And now I behold myself in a new scene, and my heart rejoices to acknowledge the goodness and love of God in eventuating this. A beautiful thought filled my mind this afternoon, and swelled it to a rapture of joy. It was this: Come what will, —change and change as circumstances may, yea,

come death itself, that last great change—still consciousness will not be interrupted. That consciousness which identifies with the being that now thinks and feels, the being which years ago played in childish gambols, will bear onward a living remembrance of the past whilst it enters the scenes of eternity. What, then, is death? It has lost its sting. I feel no fear of it. I feel that nothing can hinder the enjoyment of existence,—the continuous consciousness and immortality of that within me,—the soul that has eternal life in Christ. How contented, therefore, am I with my state! and, by the grace of God, I trust to exult in tribulation, rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. It was with a joyful sense of this truth, and in the perception of God's love in thus calling me to eternal life, that my soul became full of love to Jesus my Saviour. From the ground of my heart I praised him. Glory be to the Lamb of God for ever and ever! My soul rejoiced at the thought of an endless existence, because I could then everlastingly love my Saviour, and glorify God in him. Life everlasting was infinitely desirable and precious, for such a reason and upon such terms. O Lord Jesus! thou hast broken in upon my soul in the light of thy own revealing Spirit, shedding thy love abroad in my heart. My heart and soul cry out unto thee, and tell thee I love thee!"

From a letter written by Mr Williams to his friend Mr Jones, and dated November 5, 1850,

we give a few extracts. It not only gives a *résumé* of the voyage thus far, but it introduces us to the companions of our missionary :—

"Our voyage has hitherto been a very fair one: we have no rough weather. We were for a considerable length of time delayed by variable winds and calms as we approached the Line; but as far as weather is concerned, this has been our principal trouble. I felt the heat greatly. Our berths at night were more like ovens than anything else. We have had the fever prevailing greatly among us; three of our men—the boatmen—have had it, besides five or six others; and although I have had some ground for anxiety, yet, thank God, all have recovered remarkably. The Lord has been our keeper. He has stayed the pestilence. Unto him be the praise.

"We expect to make our destination in about three weeks. On getting there, our intention is, in the first place, by the help of the crew, to dig an entrenchment around the site of our future residence, and inside of this to raise up high walls all round. This on a small islet, just big enough for the purpose, situate betwixt Picton Island and Garden Island, close to them both. The vessel, which has been rather leaky, it is intended to overhaul when we get to Picton Island; and it is probable that she will therefore stay with us a week, if not longer. As soon as she leaves, it is our intention to start also on a cruise of discovery, going

for that purpose to the north-west, into Beagle Channel, and to the west of Navarin Island, and among other places to Woolya, the place where Jemmy Button, a Fuegian taken to England by Captain FitzRoy, was left on his return from England, after three years' absence. If we can make him out, doubtless it may prove very advantageous to us. At all events, we mean to purchase,* if we can, two lads about ten or twelve years of age, and take them back with us, and from them acquire the language. Our cruise may perhaps last two or three months. This, however, is uncertain. We are well provided with boats, having two very large ones with us, besides two gigs to attend on their seniors. We are well supplied with provisions.

"Captain Gardiner is much what I expected him to be. For indomitable perseverance he is unquestionably to be ranked among men of the first class, and his life is that of an exact and strict disciplinarian. As a Christian, he is devout and unaffected, and most sincere. I am indeed far, far short of him. I am more conscious of my defects since I have been able to compare myself with him. I see that I am a mere vacillator and weak believer, in contrast with his stability and strict in-

* Of course Mr Williams only means that it was intended to borrow the children from their parents for a certain time, making the parents such a present as would secure their consent. A button was the consideration for which Jemmy's parents made him over to Captain FitzRoy.

tegrity. I am greatly pleased with all my companions. Mr Maidment, my fellow-catechist, is an amiable, kind, and worthy man; and one becomes more attached to him, and respects him more, the more you know him. He is very sincere and humble, and I fully believe a child of God. Our three young men, having been much afflicted, have exhibited their different characters strikingly. Poor Bryan, who was worst, has shewn a very meek and patient disposition, full of resignation and a simple-hearted love to Christ. Badcock, who is the eldest and biggest of the three, is, I am persuaded, the subject of divine grace. He, too, is remarkably meek, but there is a somewhat timid or nervous cast of mind in him. John Pearce is a rough, just, honest, and upright man, but with a little touch of independence of spirit which, subdued by grace and properly directed, will rather prove an advantage. Erwin, our ship-carpenter, is the most dapper, sprightly, and excellent fellow I have met for a long time. He is a summary of good qualities, good sense, kind disposition, unassuming deportment,—and useful for all purposes; just the man we want to help and comfort us in all exigencies. Every one of them has had to encounter great objections and many persuasions not to go on such an enterprise. But God provides all. He is with us. How delightful is his service! How do I rejoice that it is my calling to declare Christ, to publish such glad tidings to a poor abject race!

Rejoice with me, brother Jones, whilst in the words of Mary I would say, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.'."

Returning to the Journal, under "Thursday, Nov. 28," we find the following entry:—

"To-day, at about eight o'clock in the morning, we passed the Straits of Magellan; and, having had a splendid breeze all day, we are at this time —ten P.M.—considerably advanced toward the Strait of Le Maire, which we hope to pass through to-morrow. We are now happily bringing our voyage to a close. To-day the sun has shone very brilliantly, and this evening it has poured a brilliant flood of light around us. Its setting was as fine a scene as anything we have witnessed during our voyage, and has greatly cheered us, taking it as an earnest that we shall not be altogether wanting bright days and sunny visitations, and likewise deeming it in our fancies as a welcome paid us by Fuegia's luminary.

"*Friday, November* 29.—To-day at half-past one A.M. we first had a sight of the mountains of Tierra del Fuego. At that time I heard the chief mate awake the Captain, and inform him of the fact. I was singularly impressed with the idea that we were in danger. The thought crossed my mind several times, but without affecting me with any anxiety, but inducing me to call upon the Lord with reliance and trust upon him. I had no

ground whatever for the surmise at the time, hearing no intimation to that effect, and I was surprised when I afterwards learned from the second mate, that in consequence of the men not keeping a good look-out, we had well-nigh run ashore just at that time.

"At about half-past four, Captain Gardiner awoke me, and told me the land was well in sight. I arose and went on deck. There was Tierra del Fuego, sure enough; its snow-tipped mountains were looming through the vapors of the morning sky, and the land of Fuegia threw a faint cold smile upon us, and greeted us with a rough, but, doubtless, a hearty shake of the hand; for truly enough we shivered, if not at the sight of it, yet, with cold. At eight o'clock we were off the entrance of the Strait of Le Maire; but the wind being adverse, we could not take advantage of the tide which set at that hour. Consequently, we had to lie off, and beat between the two coasts of Staten Island and the mainland. We had thus abundant opportunity for seeing this remarkable land, particularly Staten Island, and likewise abundant experience of the extreme disagreeableness of our proximity to the Strait of Le Maire. The swell from the ocean here rising in opposition to the tide-race produces a scene altogether novel to us; the sea seems literally alive; its commotion is extreme. Abreast the land in particular, and extending two or three miles out, or more, there

is the appearance of innumerable breakers, and the white spray dashes its waters about in the wildest manner. The wind blowing strong from the S.E., we rolled about, owing to it and the tide-race and swell combined, far more than we should have done in an ordinary gale. At three o'clock we hoped to have an opportunity again, it being ebb-tide, to pass through; but though we tried, it was impossible, the wind continuing unfavorable. We have thus during the day, it being now nearly eleven P.M., had ample experience of Fuegian weather. If we must take it for a sample, it is certainly none of the best;—sudden puffs of wind, with ominous gathering of dark clouds, and a chilly aspect of the whole heavens, with a conviction seizing your mind, that you are going to have a snow-storm, which apprehension is converted into the slighter infliction of a thin driving but sharp sleet, or, as I expect we may yet find, into a thumping hail-storm; and then the mist on the mountains clears up, and exposes a few glimmering rays of the sun, burnishing their sides of snow.

"In excellent keeping with the rough and wintry climate is the aspect of the land. Words can never do justice to its frowning, wild, and wintry character. Staten Island must certainly be unequalled in this respect. It is a place of dreariness and of forlorn solitude, *par excellence.* Its bare, broken, jagged, turret-like hills, present the idea

of an immense fortress, erected by nature herself on her own grand scale, and designed to imprison an unmolested solitude within its walls, and to frown back all attempts on the part of man to disturb her here. It is no wonder that it never has been inhabited. It seems from a distance as though it were clad in some hard and impenetrable covering, saving the snows on its ridges and slopes, of one uniform russet brown colour.

"I have not felt disturbed by any means. This I must attribute to the grace of God only, and to no resolution or constancy of my mind; for who can delight more than I in sunny scenes? But, praise God, I feel I can well forego all earthly joys, if the Lord will graciously vouchsafe to bless my soul, and endow me with the riches of his grace. I was greatly strengthened while in prayer this morning. At this the uttermost end of the earth, and where there is less in climate, land, or people, to cheer the mind, than at almost any other spot of the world, if God has a work for me to do, and his blessing rests upon me whilst engaged therein, then God's holy will be done in me and by me, let the circumstances surrounding, or the events awaiting me, be what they will. At the time of writing this it is blowing hard, and the thermometer in the cabin, shut up around me, stands at 52°. I am indeed glad to wrap up now.

"*Saturday, November* 30.—Our twelfth week at sea. At four o'clock this morning, our ship

having worked about all night, with a strong head wind from the S.S.W., we were in the same position; and our bearings off Cape San Diego, at the entrance of the Strait of Le Maire, were much the same as they were yesterday morning at eight o'clock. Wind and tide against us had beaten us back from all attempts hitherto made to enter the Strait; but now, taking advantage of an ebb-tide and a strong wind, the Captain carried on a heavy canvas, and finally about mid-day we got through the Strait. It was a hard contest, and we did but just escape the lee-shore of Staten Island, as we weathered Cape St Bartholomew. All the day long we have continued to beat about under single-reefed topsails, having, especially during the night, very violent squalls and a tremendous sea, shipping heavy seas on our poop. What with the extreme gloom of the weather, snow, sleet, hail, and rain, and fogs, intermixed with a driving cold S.S.W. wind, blowing hard, with the dashing of the billows over us, and the rolling and pitching of the vessel, our position was by no means agreeable. Such was the pitching and constant motion of the vessel, that it induced a momentary attack of sea-sickness with me, whilst my poor friend Mr Maidment suffered very severely, as indeed he has done throughout the voyage whenever the weather has been rough.

"The following day, Sunday, was passed beating about, with much the same weather prevailing,

the thermometer in the cabin standing most of the day at 42° and 44° Fahr.

"Surely Fuegia is the land of darkness, the country of gloom, a scene of wild desolation, both land and climate agreed as to character, the one frowning and desolate, the other black and tempestuous. A few, and only a few, cheering smiles has the sun beamed upon us, and the cold snows upon the rough masses of Staten Island put on an unnatural appearance, and looked more and more pale under the reviving influences of the light. If such the land, and such the climate, we have reason to expect the people will not fall short of congruity with either. Well, and how do I bear up under these not very flattering prospects? Have I had my expectations pointed to such an agreeable picture? What shall I say? I will own the truth. I have not been ignorant of the fact, that such was the character of the region to which I was bound. Captain FitzRoy, and especially Mr Darwin, in his 'Journal,' had made this sufficiently clear, yet I certainly had not in any degree realised it. How different is the acquaintance we get by reading, from that which we acquire by personal experience of things! In our parlours at home we do not shiver at the cold scenes we read of, but rather enjoy by contrast our present comforts. It is singular that amidst all the working of my mind in connexion with this great undertaking, I never contemplated it in the character of one of

great suffering and great trial. I was not ignorant that such it would assuredly prove itself to be, but I troubled not myself with the thought of it. I have all along felt that it was required at my hand to make the sacrifice of everything to God; but I have had some such feeling as was suggested by Abraham to his son Isaac, when he was on his way to the altar, with the wood on his back whereon he should be offered, that though thus palpably going to the fiery ordeal, yet God would provide for himself a lamb for the sacrifice. The truth is, I could in anticipation cast all my care so entirely upon the Lord, that I took no other care but to ascertain that it was his will that I should thus serve him, assured that in the hour of my need he would strengthen my heart, and be with me to sustain me. Have I then been taken unawares? No. Have I been disappointed? No. The hour has come; and though I have never painted to my mind all that I should have to encounter, yet I am not any the less unprepared for the trial, because I have not to grapple with it in my own strength, nor to prepare myself for the encounter. I verified this yesterday (Sunday) morning in a remarkable manner, whilst engaged in reading the 12th of Romans. God's Holy Spirit engaged my soul in fervent prayer for grace to help me. I was led to offer up my body as a living sacrifice unto God, and with my whole heart consenting, with my entire will

prostrate and subjected to the will of God, that I might prove what is His good, and acceptable, and perfect will. I surrendered myself into the hand of the Lord Jesus, with so complete a trust in him, and love to him, as it was indeed delightful to feel; and how shall I praise the mercy and grace, and condescending goodness of God! I felt a sensible manifestation of God to my soul, accepting my offer. My heart was broken by a sense of God's love, that streamed in upon it, and my tears and upheaving breast alone could speak my gratitude and praise. Praise, praise to the Lord!

"To-day, Monday, December 2, after a somewhat more favorable night, though making but little headway, at eleven o'clock we were off Cape Hall, Cape Good Success bearing north (true), and we now expect to weather Cape Pio, and this afternoon make Picton Island.

"*Tuesday, December* 3.—Made little advance upon yesterday, the wind being right ahead.

"*Wednesday, December* 4.—Since Monday, we have been making laborious efforts to weather Cape Pio, in Slogget Bay, but until this evening we have been unsuccessful, the wind blowing right ahead, and wearing ship and tacking about being both in vain. This evening we have, however, succeeded, and but for hazy weather we might soon have our anchor down. Each day has been cold and squally, with hail and sleet and rain; the sun has only occasionally been visible: at sunset he has been

most conspicuous, and last evening it was as splendid and brilliant a sight as any we have witnessed during the voyage. The land along the shore has still the same general characteristics, bold and mountainous, dark and frowning. The men have been sadly harassed at their duties ever since we hove in sight of this land of storms. Exposed to drifting snow squalls, and huge seas like cascades pouring their volumes of water upon them, their plight has been really pitiable, and they, as well as every one else, have been anxiously expecting to get to Banner Cove. But if all the rest have felt the disappointment, I have reason to bless God. Yesterday and to-day, but more especially to-day, have been the brightest for spiritual enlargement and joy in God of any I have known since I have been on board. Graciously, indeed, has the Lord blessed me, taking away every doubt, removing every fear, confirming my hopes, and strengthening my heart. By his grace I have been able cheerfully and willingly to subject myself into an entire obedience, and to yield myself up to him, for him to do with me whatsoever it pleaseth him. I have seen clearly that all has been ordered of God, and that he will abundantly crown the work with success. Plainly have I seen that he who said, 'And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world, for a witness to all nations, and then shall the end come,' hath required it at our hands, to plant his gospel in this the

uttermost end of the world. And, blessed be God, I have experienced sensibly this day that I am a son of God—the Holy Ghost witnessing and shedding abroad the love of God in my heart. Sweetly have I realised that I am one with Christ, and have the Spirit which raised up Christ from the dead. Now do I feel how merciful the Lord is, and how tender is his compassion; and now am I able, in some poor degree, to comprehend with all saints, what is the love of Christ, which passeth all knowledge. Now do I feel that the Lord has blessed me, and prepared me for his work, giving me the whole armour of God. Now I can rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Now can I say that the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keeps my heart and mind; and that

"Not a cloud doth arise
To darken my eyes.

"*Thursday, December* 5.—At eleven o'clock this morning, we cast anchor in Banner Roads, having by the mercy of God arrived safe at our destination. The whole of last night was foggy, with a heavy drizzling rain, and the wind still ahead. The Captain made short tacks, and with scarce any possibility of telling whether we made any progress, or how we were moving. When about four o'clock it became clear enough to see, our position was happily and providentially found to be greatly in advance of our expectations, with every certainty of continuing to make way to our anchorage ground.

About nine, whilst drifting on past Picton Island, we observed lying off Garden Island three canoes, which presently put off to us, each one containing a Fuegian and his family, more or less numerous. In each there were two women and children, in one an infant at the breast, in another a poor decrepit old man. Whilst scarcely discernible with the naked eye, we heard their stentorian voices, shouting 'Yammer schooner' [Give me] :—amazing indeed is the power of their voice. As they severally hove in sight, they gesticulated and shouted with every wild and remarkable expression, one man in particular being very garrulous, and full of vivacity. The impression they made on my mind, as they became distinctly seen, first by the telescope and afterwards by the naked eye, is one which can never be effaced. It seemed incredible they could be human beings. You observed a lop-sided strange uncouth thing on the water, not to be called a boat, and not realising our ideas of a canoe, but so deep, that just the heads of the Fuegians could be seen in it. As these dark masses of hair, like so many mops, drew nearer, we were able to discern the features, which were, indeed, surprising to us. On a nearer inspection, however, I could trace in many of them, indeed I may say in all, the lineaments of the noblest humanity, and features expressive of benevolence and generosity, though, as it were, buried deep in deplorable ignorance and abject want. One woman had a remarkably prepossess-

ing countenance, very open and cheerful; so also had one of the men, and he often in our after intercourse laughed heartily. I had taken some comfort to my mind, from the favorable aspect which the islands around us, particularly Picton and Garden Islands, presented; but now my heart swelled with emotion, full of pleasure and satisfaction that our errand was for the purpose of imparting benefits so great and so much needed to these poor creatures. I hailed the prospect with a degree of rapture."

Such was the cheerful spirit with which Mr Williams surveyed the field of his destined labors. But he made its acquaintance under great advantages. Being December, it was the Antarctic midsummer; and, like the climate, the natives wore their best faces. They wanted food and trinkets from the strangers; and as long as their visitors remained on ship-board they were safe from tricks and violence.—But, before proceeding with the narrative, it may be well to introduce the reader to the place and the people. We shall thus better understand how arduous was the task which these pious pilgrims had undertaken, and shall be able to sympathise more fully in the great fight of afflictions which they were soon to pass through.

CHAPTER VI.

Fuegia.

Th' eternal Monarch from on high
Cast on the sons of earth his eye,
If haply some he yet might see
True to their God, from error free.

He look'd ; but ah ! not one could find
To virtue's Heaven-taught rules inclined ;
Each, led from wisdom's path astray,
Pursues the tenor of his way.

Psalm liii. 2, 3.—*Merrick.*

What renders it much more difficult to convey divine truths to the understandings of these Indians, is, that there seems to be no foundation in their minds to begin upon. Besides, their inconvenient situations, savage manners, and unhappy method of living, have been an unspeakable difficulty and discouragement to me in my work.—*David Brainerd.*

THE outline of South America may be compared to a paper kite; and, like a kite, there is attached to its apex a jointed tail, of which Fuegia and the South Shetlands are the only fragments seen above water. In other words, the mighty wall of the Andes is broken through by the sea, and the inundated valley forms the Strait of Magellan; and, after a feeble re-appearance in the Fuegian archipelago, the cordillera is lost in the ocean.

As seen on a school-room map, this Tierra del Fuego is a dim islet, deriving its chief importance from its famous headland, Cape Horn. On a nearer inspection, however, this nebulous patch resolves into a cluster of islands,—one very large, with a crowd of smaller attendants to the west and south; and, far from the mainland, stands the kerbstone of the New World,—Cape Horn with his surf-beaten pyramid.

Though only the fag-end of America—a mere caudal vertebra of the Andes—if we had it in

Europe, Tierra del Fuego would be a country of some consideration. Its second-rate islands are larger than the Isle of Wight or the Isle of Man, and the surface of its mainland is equal to the Lowlands of Scotland. Its climate, however, renders it one of the most dreary and inhospitable regions on the face of the globe. In a latitude corresponding to Edinburgh, the sky seldom clears, and the rainy squalls of the summer are the only relief from the sleet and snow of the winter. A calm sunshine is a great rarity. If we imagined the mountains of the Hebrides rising to a height of six or seven thousand feet, with glaciers coming down to the sea, and a warm tide constantly flowing at their base; and if, moreover, we could bring the north polar ice into as low a latitude as the Antarctic ice descends—our own Western Isles would be the counterpart of Fuegia. The warm vapor of the ocean would then be perpetually condensing on the frost of the hills, and clouds and showers would blot out from Mull and Skye their occasional days of clear weather. Even then, however, our Western Isles would be halcyon nests compared with this stormy archipelago. Nothing save a rampart of mountains, a mile or two in height, extending from the Cape Verdes to Campbelton, damming up the winds, and forcing them to rush through a few funnels on the Sound of Jura, could give our Northern Hemisphere a fac-simile of a Fuegian *williwaw*. This ferocious wind is capable

of overturning almost any obstacle; and, like grass in a swathe, not only branches but whole trees will sometimes be found piled up at the mouth of a gully where its rough sickle has passed.

Notwithstanding its boisterous summers and its perpetual storms, the average temperature of Fuegia is as high as Quebec or Montreal; and perhaps we have in London days as cold as any which occur in Hoste or Navarin Islands. The range between the extremes of heat and cold is small, and this comparative equability, along with the abundant moisture, is favorable to certain forms of vegetable life. In most districts of Britain the Fuchsia is a conservatory plant; but in Devonshire and in the Isle of Bute it grows luxuriantly in the open air, and in winter wants no shelter. Fuegia is one of its native lands, and there, along with its equally delicate companion, *Veronica decussata,* it becomes a tree with a trunk half a foot in diameter. The potato is indigenous on the adjacent mainland, although we do not know that it has been found in these islands, where celery, a species of currant, the berry of an arbutus, and a fungus, are the only esculents. The characteristic vegetation is two sorts of beech-tree. One of these (*Fagus betuloides*) is an evergreen; the other (*Fagus Antarctica*) is deciduous. The latter species is more hardy, and can scale the mountain-sides to a higher platform than its glossy-green companion; so that in winter a zone of leafless

trees is seen at a lofty elevation, succeeding to the verdure of the forest. Except where discouraged by the thin granitic soil, these beeches occur everywhere; and, except when stunted by the winds, they attain a goodly size; and one trunk is mentioned seven feet in diameter. But any tourist who expects a repetition of our own Buckinghamshire in the forests of Fuegia will be wofully disappointed. Our woodland scenery owes all its charm to its park-like variety, where clumps of many kinds occur; and where, from the sylvan labyrinth, you easily emerge on smooth pastures and smoking hamlets. But it is a very different thing to land from a boat direct in the thicket, and after struggling to the top of a Mount Tarn or a Mount Buckland, to look down on an expanse of silent greenery, only broken by shipless arms of the sea; and any one who has spent many weeks among the pines of the Black Forest or the Arbor Vitæ swamps of the Mississippi, will understand what an incubus on the spirits a monotonous vegetation becomes. In Tierra del Fuego the only variegating incident is "the bursting of the leaf and flower-buds of the deciduous beech from their resinous gummy scales; when a delightfully fragrant odour pervades the woods;" * and the explorer may be occasionally rewarded by coming on a Winter's Bark or some less usual tree.

* Hooker's Flora Antarctica, p. 348.

Land animals are few. Even insects are rare; and such flies and beetles as occur, are inconspicuous and uninteresting creatures. Like Ireland, Fuegia is exempt from serpents, and even frogs have been expelled by its St Patrick. "The gloomy woods are inhabited by few birds; occasionally the plaintive notes of a tyrant fly-catcher may be heard; and more rarely the loud strange cry of a black woodpecker. A little dusky-coloured wren hops in a skulking manner among the entangled mass of the fallen and decaying trunks. But the creeper (*Oxyurus Tupinieri*) is the commonest bird of the country. Throughout the beech forests, high up and low down, in the most gloomy, wet, and impenetrable ravines, it may be met with. This little bird no doubt appears more numerous than it really is, from its habit of following, with seeming curiosity, any person who enters these silent woods; continually uttering its harsh twitter, it flutters from tree to tree, within a few feet of the intruder's face. In the more open parts, three or four species of finches, &c., and several hawks and owls, occur." * Most curious of all is the existence of a humming-bird (*Mellisuga Kingii*) on the shores of this wintry realm; and which, even amidst the showers of snow, has been observed flitting about in search of the insects, equally hardy, that lurk in the blossoms of

* Darwin's Voyage round the World, chap. xi.—one of the most charming and instructive journals ever published.

the Veronica and Fuchsia. The most important quadruped is the guanaco or llama, that useful compromise between the sheep and the camel, so characteristic of the South American mountains. It is found on Navarin Island, and on the main island, or, Tierra del Fuego proper. In summer shy and vigilant, the want of pasture drives it in the winter down to the valleys, where its slender legs slump into the snow, and make it an easy capture. Two species of fox occur, and these, with a few small rodents of the mouse and bat families, complete the inland zoology of this inhospitable region.

But the waters largely compensate for the lifelessness of the land. With its colossal sea-weeds, Fuegia might well be the paradise of fishes. To say nothing of many beautiful varieties which are dredged up from the rocks or washed ashore by the tides, these coasts are the head-quarters of the Lessonia and Macrocystis, the two giants of the ocean Flora. The former is an arborescent seaweed, with a trunk of concentric layers so timber-like, that Dr Hooker mentions a captain who employed a boat's crew two days collecting the incombustible stems for fuel. The Macrocystis, instead of a trunk as thick as an ordinary cherry-tree, is moored to the rock by a tough but slender cable, which, rising to the surface, breaks into leaves, and then streams along a luxuriant tangle for several hundred feet. The Victoria water-lily requires a tank and hot-house for its special accom-

modation; but a prime Macrocystis would need a tank a hundred feet deep, and as long as Westminster Abbey. In general, however, its cable is only a few fathoms long, and as its streamers wave over every inundated rock, it is at once the buoy and the breakwater of these dangerous channels. The "moored kelp" warns the mariner of a sunken rock, and if in stormy weather his little vessel can only get to leeward of its floating acres, he may set the wildest sea at defiance.* In this way has Providence not only supplied the means of safety in the very midst of danger, but, by the same arrangement, he has prepared a source of subsistence for this land of famine. These gigantic sea-weeds are the home and the pasture-field of countless mollusks and crustaceans. The leaves are crowded with shell-fish. The stems are so encrusted with corallines, as to be of a white colour. And "on shaking the great entangled roots, a pile of small fish, shells, cuttle-fish, crabs of all orders, sea-eggs, star-fish, and crawling nereidous animals of a multitude of forms, all fall out together."† To such a well-stored larder it is not wonderful that shoals of fishes should resort, forsaking for it brighter but less bountiful waters; and in the wake of these fishes come armies of seals and

* For beautiful figures and many interesting particulars regarding these and the other Algæ of Fuegia, the reader is referred to Dr Hooker's magnificent work, the "Flora Antarctica."

† Darwin.

clouds of sea-fowl. Among the latter are shags, petrels, ducks, red-bills, sea-pigeons, geese, steamer-ducks, and penguins. Of these many species have their breeding-places on the cliffs of the desolate islands. With their black coats and yellow waistcoats, the substantial and yeoman-like penguins take up their abode on the grassy flats; and in the month of January, that is to say, at their mid-summer, a braying quack may constantly be heard from morning to evening, inviting to dainty morsels their fat and solemn fledglings,—a dinner-bell which is never silent in the populous "penguinery." Not improbably with sinister designs on the infant penguins, the sea-lion is fond of a walk among the tufts of tussac, and, along with the sea-otter and the porpoise, this tyrant of the Southern Ocean is the great terror of the larger fishes. Predaceous as are the habits of so many of these creatures, it is interesting to contemplate the skill and profusion with which a sea so unpromising is peopled. All are ultimately dependent on a seemingly worthless sea-weed. That fucus cherishes the worms and polypes, the crabs and corallines, which feed the fishes; and these, in their turn, sustain legions of cormorants and penguins, of seals and porpoises, as well as the less dexterous human fishers on the shore; so that Mr Darwin is probably correct in his surmise, that the felling of a tropical forest would not be so fatal to animal existence as the destruction of this gigantic "kelp." "O Lord,

how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches. So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts. These wait all upon thee; that thou mayest give them their meat in due season. That thou givest them they gather · thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good."

The inhabitants of the Fuegian Archipelago have sometimes been called Pesherais, from a word which some of them are constantly using. In the classification of the Human Families they have been named "the Ichthyophagi," or Fish-eaters of Tierra del Fuego.* Of course they are South American Indians, and they belong to the Araucanian division of the great Andian race. They are not only the nearest neighbours, but are undoubtedly of the closest kindred, to the Patagonian inhabitants of the adjacent continent; but they are intellectually and physically inferior to these stately specimens of mankind. Many of them have trunks proportionate to a six-foot stature; but their indolent squatting existence has dwarfed their extremities. Their colour is something between dark copper and brown. Captain FitzRoy compares it to "very old mahogany." † But owing to the wood-smoke with which they are

* See Prichard's Natural History of Man, Second Edition, p. 450; and Prichard's History of Mankind, vol. v.

† Voyages of the Adventure and Beagle, vol. ii. p. 137.

saturated, the oil and blubber with which they are smeared, and the earths, white, red, and black, with which they are painted, it is difficult to ascertain exactly a Fuegian complexion. Like their bodies, their heads are large. These heads are oblate spheroids, with long jet hair hanging straight down on either side, but cropped away over the brow. The forehead is very low, but, like the face, it is broad. The black eyes are oval, drawn towards the temples, and have usually an expression of simple good-humour. The nose is not handsome: flat and thick, with large nostrils, it is concave in profile; and it is well supported by a mouth of great width, which closes in a straight line, and opens in an ample ellipse. The beaux of the antipodes do not fancy long beards, and what little hair shews itself on the chin or the eye-brows is usually extracted with tweezers made of two mussel-shells. As already mentioned, from constantly crouching in their huts and canoes, their legs are crooked and stunted; but still, they are by no means deficient in agility, and, in trials of strength, some of them were more than a match for an English sailor.*

Their clothing is scanty. By the same providential arrangement which coats the whale in frozen seas with oil, the Fuegian is fortified

* For a minute description see a paper by Mr Wilson in the appendix to the 2d vol. of the "Voyages of the Adventure and Beagle." Portraits of Fuegians may be seen there, and in the folio atlas of plates to Cook's Last Voyage.

against his inclement sky by an abundant development of the adipose tissue; and though his sea-otter or guanaco cloak is sometimes scanty, in admiring his hardihood, we must not forget that inside his skin he wears a thick under-clothing of non-conducting fat. Hence these islanders sometimes exhibit feats, the recital of which is enough to make us shiver. In the coldest mid-winter they may be seen diving for sea-eggs; and it was on a dark night, when the thermometer was at 28°, that some of them swam from the shore, and, from its moorings alongside, cut away the ship's boat of the *Adelaide*.

Nothing can be more wretched than their habitations. When a family lands from its canoe, the first care of the women, who are the only workers, is to build a house. For this purpose they cut down twenty or thirty trees, and arranging them in a circle, with the narrow ends resting on each other, like the sheaves in a shock of corn, they tie them together at the top, putting a little thatch or a few skins on the windward side, and leaving one entrance toward the sea and another toward the forest. There they kindle a fire, and there they huddle together night and day in stormy weather; and there they tarry till they have devoured all the food of the district, and it is time to seek another settlement.

They are not without a taste for ornament, nor are they entirely devoid of ingenuity. They

usually adorn their hair with a fillet of sinowy threads, elaborately and not inelegantly plaited; and on great occasions this fillet is pranked out with birds' feathers or bits of red cloth obtained from the sailors. They are fond of bracelets and necklaces. These they make from shells or the small bones of animals; or, failing beads and buttons, from little chips of crockery. When shells are used, they are drilled so neatly that the process must require both skill and care. The Spanish voyager Cordova speaks with admiration of a sort of jar or basket which he found amongst them, entirely formed of bark, and with the bottom so accurately sewed in, that it could carry water without leaking.* But, crazy as they are, their canoes are perhaps a still more wonderful specimen of needle-work. These also are composed of the bark of trees. The main bulk may be the bark of one single beech; but in order to complete it, a great many patches and a large amount of stitching are requisite. With grass for oakum, and clay for pitch, and with thongs instead of nails, the builder soon finishes a boat which, after its own fashion, is a triumph of naval architecture. As long as it can carry paddlers as well as pumpers, it is considered sea-worthy; but as soon as it requires all hands to bail it, they think it time to abandon it, and a new one is built or stolen.

Although their comforts are so few, they are

* Cordova's Voyage to the Straits of Magellan.

well provided with offensive weapons. They have spears, and bows and arrows, and slings which they use with such precision as nearly to equal in effect an ordinary musket. Besides, many of them are furnished with the Patagonian bolas—a chain-shot of formidable character. It consists of two round stones, covered with leather, and fastened to the two ends of a string about eight feet long. One stone is held in the hand whilst the other is whirled round the head till it has acquired sufficient velocity; and then both are hurled at the object. Should it strike the legs of an ostrich or guanaco, it instantly twists tightly around them and holds the creature in fetters till the huntsman comes up.

Yet, with all his weapons, it is a scanty subsistence which the Fuegian secures. The sea around him is teeming with food, but he has neither net nor angle; and it is only when he is lucky enough to spear a rock-salmon, or when he can get a sufficiency of a little simpleton fish which allows itself to be spirited out of the water by a baited but hookless line, that this Ichthyophagous Indian deserves his name. But if he is not a clever fisherman, he is a cunning bird-catcher. In his fowling excursions he is attended by a knowing little dog, half fox, half terrier; and, if it is a moonlit night, the sportsman may be descried on the beach near the roosts of the sea-birds, and waiting till his four-footed accomplice returns with a dead duck in his jaws, which he instantly deposits at his master's

feet, and then scampers off in search of another. This well-trained retriever, though an assiduous barker at home, has the sense to carry on this sport in the deepest silence; and the sleeping spoon-bill is jerked from his perch without ever dreaming of danger. They have also a plan of their own for catching petrels. Having first secured one with a string to his leg, they lower him into any crevice where petrels are known to breed. The old birds are indignant at the stranger's intrusion, and fall on him with such blind fury that they allow themselves to be drawn out of the hole, when they are instantly transferred to the fowler's basket. But birds are not always to be procured, and even sea-eggs are not attainable in stormy weather. For a great period of every year these poor islanders are entirely dependent on mussels, limpets, and similar shell-fish; and, every time that the tide retires, the whole population is spread over the shore, rummaging for this sorry subsistence. Low-water is the meal-time of the dogs, as well as their masters; and it is amusing to notice the adroitness with which these sharp-witted creatures detach the unwary limpet from his moorings. As soon as this pasture is eaten up, these nomads of the beach launch their canoes, and paddle off in quest of new supplies. Sometimes they are so lucky as to discover a stranded whale or a dead sea-lion; and, however "high" such venison may be, it is always welcome, and imparts a sudden

plumpness to the fortunate finders. Of course, such prizes are rare; and, like most savages, the life of a Fuegian is an alternation of occasional feasts with long intervals of famine. In the desperation of hunger it is fearful to think of the expedients to which he is occasionally driven. There can be no doubt, however, that these Indians are cannibals, and that when other subsistence fails, "they kill and devour their old women before they kill their dogs." Those who fall in battle are in like manner devoured by the victors.

The intellectual capacity of these savages is, probably, small; but their powers of mimicry are amazing. A long English sentence deliberately uttered they will repeat with the utmost precision; and grotesque attitudes or grimaces many of them can reproduce with a comic gravity worthy of Liston or Matthews. Shameless greed and systematic thieving are universal vices. As soon as a canoe comes within hail of a ship, the well-known cry, "Yammer schooner" (Give me), is set up, and at everything given them they clutch and stow it into their basket without one look or utterance of gratitude. Nothing escapes their little glancing predaceous eyes; and, but for the utmost vigilance, nothing would escape their active fingers. Once and again they proved too cunning for the watch of a man-of-war, and succeeded in abstracting valuable boats belonging to the surveying expedition of the British Admiralty; and when a native gentle-

man had been paying a visit on board, before he returned to his barge, it was thought no breach of etiquette to examine his cloak for tea-kettles and other trinkets. As Mungo Park experienced in Africa, traces of gentleness and tenderness may be found among the women; but the mercies of the men are cruel. On the slightest provocation, the roguish simper can be exchanged for a scowl of fiendish ferocity; and when exasperated, or brought to bay, they fight with more fury than wild beasts. The men are surly tyrants; the women are laborious slaves. The softening influence of the domestic charities is scarcely known; and an incident related by Commodore Byron shews the fearful moroseness to which depraved humanity sometimes subsides.*

Of the religious belief of these savages little is known. Their divinity appears to be a great black man, who frequents the dim trackless woods

* "Our cacique and his wife had gone off in their canoe, when she dived for sea-eggs; but, not meeting with great success, they returned a good deal out of humour. A little boy of theirs, about three years old, whom they appeared to be doatingly fond of, watching for his father and mother's return, ran into the surf to meet them: the father handed a basket of sea-eggs to the child, which being too heavy for him to carry, he let it fall; upon which the father jumped out of the canoe, and catching the boy up in his arms, dashed him with the utmost violence against the stones. The poor little creature lay motionless and bleeding, and in that condition was taken up by the mother; but died soon after. She appeared inconsolable for some time; but the brute, his father, shewed little concern about it."—*Narrative of the Hon. John Byron*, 1768, page 148.

of the interior; who is very malignant and powerful; and who knows everything that is done or spoken. They are very superstitious. They have great faith in dreams. They will not for any consideration allow a stranger to cut off a lock of their hair; and they think it extremely unlucky to kill the young sea-birds. "Oh, Mr Bynoe, very bad to shoot little duck—come wind—come rain—blow—very much blow," was the solemn remonstrance of one of them to a gentleman who had killed some very young ducklings as zoological specimens. They never speak of the dead. When a boy, hereafter to be mentioned, was questioned about his dead father, he was very unhappy, and refused to answer: "No good talk; my country never talk of dead man."

Embruted as are these savages, they are not sunk beyond recovery. Through the mercy of our God, there is at this moment on the earth a power well able to cure the worst woes of Fuegia. True, they are not an inviting race; but they are none the less a fac-simile of our British forefathers. Sir James Mackintosh was born in a northern latitude exactly corresponding to Cape Horn in the south, and his ancestors lived in a hut without window or chimney, with a fire in the centre of the floor, with a pile of mussel-shells at the threshold, and with smoked fish and deer's flesh hanging from the rafters; and when they wished to cross an arm of the sea, they waited for a day of calm

weather which would not endanger their wicker coracle. The ancestors of Davy and Newton lived in forests almost as sombre as the beech-woods of Narborough's Land. They wore cloaks of bull or badger's skin, like the otter or guanaco robes of Navarin Island; and they anointed their persons, and pipeclayed their faces, in a truly Fuegian fashion. The ancestors of Wesley and Wilberforce worshipped a devil, and were glad to propitiate his wrath by flinging their infants into the fire. But Christianity has wrought for Britain the best of miracles. If it has not brightened the skies and converted these islands into new Hesperides; it has shed a balm into the moral atmosphere, and it has transformed the population. It has made us, as a people, honest, hard-working, and humane. It has made a future existence a familiar idea, and it has made the Most High a not unfamiliar presence. It has given us tastes, aspirations, and affections, which a nation of atheists or pagans can never know. And whilst all this has been effected with only a small per-centage of practical religionists in our population, and, we may add, with only a small per-centage of Bible Christianity in our practical religion, it has done enough to teach us that the only thing needed to make any land "a delightsome land," is the gospel in ascendancy.

In the year 1831 there were three Fuegians in England. They were brought to this country by Captain FitzRoy, R.N., and the hope was enter-

tained that they might learn our language, and acquire the habits of civilisation, so as to introduce them, on their return, among their own compatriots. One of them was a full-grown man, York Minster, a gruff and surly fellow, who could never be induced to learn anything. Jemmy Button was a good-natured boy of no great capacity; and Fuegia Basket was a rather pleasing and very intelligent girl. Considerable interest was felt in these visitors from the antipodes, and even the king and queen expressed a desire to see them. They were accordingly taken to the palace, and were received with all the gentle kindness so characteristic of Queen Adelaide. Captain FitzRoy consigned them to the care of a schoolmaster at Walthamstow; and after a few months, accompanied by Mr Matthews, a missionary, he carried them back to their native isles. It may be questioned whether their residence in England was sufficiently long; and it is likely that, had a selection been practicable, more promising pupils might have been found than York Minster and Jemmy Button. At all events, the experiment was very unproductive. On landing in their own country, York Minster married Fuegia Basket, and being a powerful, resolute man, it is possible that he may have been able to preserve from his rapacious neighbours the implements and manufactured articles with which he was freely supplied. But poor Jemmy was soon victimised. His goods were stolen, and his little garden was trodden down;

justifying his verdict, "My people very bad; no sabe nothing; my people very great fool." And as the violence of the people forced Mr Matthews to return on board, there is too much reason to fear that, left to themselves, his scholars would soon relapse into the surrounding barbarism.

CHAPTER VII.

First Toils.

My wanderings thou hast numbered;
Even every tear mine eyes have shed
Thy vial holds;
All in the folds
Of thy large volume read.
Psalm lvi. 8.—*George Sandys.*

If our lives are preserved, and our attempt prospered, we shall next New Year's Day be in India. We shall no more see our kind friends around us, or enjoy the conveniences of civilised life, or go to the house of God with those that keep holy day; but swarthy countenances will everywhere meet our eye, the jargon of an unknown tongue will assail our ears, and we shall witness the assembling of the heathen to the worship of idol gods. We shall be weary of the world, and wish for wings like a dove. We shall probably experience seasons when we shall be "exceeding sorrowful, even unto death."—*Dr Judson.*

WHEN Dr Judson wrote to his future wife the words just quoted, he did not know how terribly the prognostic would be fulfilled. He did not foresee the perils of the Burmese war, and the unimagined horrors of the death-prison at Rangoon. And it is well for us that there is no Agabus to reveal the tribulations through which each must pass to the Kingdom, or to set fully before us the dangers and hardships which attend a new undertaking.

It was with a cheerful eye that Mr Williams and his comrades surveyed the scene of their projected campaign. But, as we have already said, they saw it to advantage. It was midsummer; and, as long as the ship remained in sight, the natives wore their summer faces, and appeared mild, and almost friendly. The voyagers arrived in health and vigor; and, in the excitement of strange circumstances, the perils and difficulties of their undertaking were materially disguised.

It was on the 5th of December 1850 that the *Ocean Queen* cast anchor in Banner Roads; and, resuming Mr Williams's Journal, we shall now trace the first proceedings of the missionary pilgrims.

"*December* 5.—At noon we proceeded in the ship's gig to a small island called Dothan, lying betwixt Garden and Picton Islands. Captain Gardiner had fixed on it as the site of our intended dwelling-house, thinking it capable of being made peculiarly secure from its position and shape. Here we read an appropriate psalm, and offered prayer, and sang the doxology. The natives had followed us, and they stood gazing with wonder whilst we were so engaged. One passed into the centre of our circle, and now and then made an observation; and when we sang they all joined heartily with us. We then took possession of the island, and cut away the trees for a place where to fix our tent; but afterwards, in the course of the day, upon more consideration given, we abandoned Dothan, and chose our site in Garden Island. Here accordingly the axe was industriously used, and some large timber was cleared away. In the course of the afternoon, I shot a goose and a duck. In the course of the evening, what from being very tired and cold, and the rush of impressions being very great and forcible upon my mind, my whole body seemed to shrink from the hardships that were palpably before me; and my flesh, with a cowardly tremor,

seemed to protest against the difficulties, the trials, and the dangers. Whilst I felt this, I knew it was but the weakness of the flesh, and although I could not, under its present weariness, quiet its alarms, yet I felt a firm and quiet resolution, if need be, to sacrifice the flesh to the cause of God and humanity. It was a trial and a war between the two; but the spirit within, strengthened by grace, offered the flesh upon the altar of sacrifice. Praise God, never did I feel more sensibly how God provides grace against the day of trial than in this instance.

"*Tuesday, December* 10.—To-day the first opportunity presents, of recording the events which have marked our career. On Friday last, early in the day, having selected a spot on Garden Island admirably adapted for our purposes, we conveyed to it bedding, apparel, provisions, and cooking utensils, and engaged ourselves most actively in clearing away a spot sufficiently large for our tents. These we erected, and by nightfall had everything pretty comfortable. We had two tents—one for the men, another for ourselves—and between the two a cooking-house or kitchen, made of poles we had cut down and covered with oiled canvas. The floor of our tent was covered with cork; over this, oiled canvas, which thus made a dry place for our beds. We had also begun a fence around our tents, which, on the following day, by the assistance of some of our ship's company, we enlarged and completed, so as to be surrounded on all sides except an opening

from the beach. It was amusing to see us all at work, each one plying the woodman's handicraft; right and left, blows were being dealt, and the entangled forest resounded to our hatchets. We piled up a huge fire, and regaled ourselves with provisions kindly sent us from the ship by our excellent captain. We are indeed greatly indebted to him for unexampled kindness, he having constantly manifested the most generous disposition and an affectionate interest in all that concerned us; ever ready to assist us, and most hospitably and abundantly entertaining us during our whole voyage. The name of Captain Cooper, of the *Ocean Queen*, deserves to be remembered by us with respect and affectionate gratitude.

"We were undisturbed by the natives the whole of the day, and congratulated ourselves on this fortunate circumstance, as we hoped, by their not seeing our possessions, they would not be so excited to molest and pilfer from us. By eleven at night we were all so far straight as to be able to retire to rest, which all of us did, excepting the Captain and myself. We had agreed that each should keep a two hours' watch the night through, and this the Captain proposed should be commenced by himself taking the first watch, commencing at ten o'clock every night. The Captain accordingly rigged himself in his sou'-wester and india-rubber overcoat and overalls; and thus armed against the rain, for it was pouring with Fuegian earnest, he sallied

forth; and about half-past twelve, I succeeded him.

"I had not lain down, on account of the shortness of time before commencing my watch; and now that I was alone in the dead hours of night, surrounded by the dark masses of wood on the one hand, and the rippling waters on the other, with the rain pouring in heavy showers, and after a fatiguing day, I could not overcome the weakness of my frail heart, and I felt oppressed. The time of my watch hung heavily upon me; and I almost counted the minutes as they passed. Strange cries broke upon my ear; the penguin's harsh croak, with the shrill whistle of some sea-bird, and many sounds that I could scarce account for, all tending to give an extraordinary character to the scene. I felt no fear, neither did I wish to be differently circumstanced; but I was weary, and I wished heartily for rest. Two o'clock came, and then was poor Mr Maidment's turn. He had thrown himself down on his bed with his clothes on, and now he engaged with alacrity in the duty which fell to him. Selfish nature was glad of the opportunity to exchange positions even thus with a friend and a brother, and to comfort itself in the warmth and repose of bed. I slept soundly, and awoke the next morning ready to resume the labor of the day. We persevered all Saturday in completing our fence, and arranging matters to our satisfaction, and still we continued unmolested by any of the natives,—a

matter somewhat surprising, had we not hence conjectured that they were going to give the intelligence of our arrival to others of their acquaintance.

"Toward the evening, however, we had intimation of their approach; and three of them, whom we had before seen alongside the vessel, came up to us. They appeared no way surprised at what they beheld, but greeted us with apparent good-nature, yammer-schoonering after everything they saw, and moving in a sidelong manner towards the enclosure of our tents, anxious to look in; but we intimated our disapproval of this, and they were very tractable. These three were very peaceable and quiet, imitating every word we spoke, catching at any oddity they observed in our manner or doings, and laughing, and seeming altogether so well disposed, that we had good hope of maintaining a friendly footing with them, and have no reason to fear their molesting us. As the evening grew late, Captain Gardiner made signs to them to leave us, intimating that it was time to go to sleep, by laying his head on his hand, and then gently directing them to the entrance. They readily perceived our wish, and without hesitation departed.

"We had not provided meat for our food this day. For this purpose I went out with my gun (for we have first to shoot or fish, before we can dine); and having brought back a goose and a duck, a stew was made of these, with the addition of some wild

celery we found in the woods; and having finished the day with prayer, we again took our repose by sleep.

"Forcibly convinced that we ought not to suffer the Captain to share the duty of watching, I begged him that he would allow us to divide it entirely among ourselves, which, after some trouble and entreaty, he at length consented to do. At two o'clock I was called to take my post. The morning was fine and quite light, and everything around wore a pleasing aspect. The two hours I now spent, I trust I shall never forget. I felt the precious influence of the Spirit of grace and love upon my heart, and never were my impressions of divine truths so forcible; never did I feel more sensibly the vanity and littleness of all human things, save as they bear reference to the eternal and invisible kingdom of God. I was much affected by the thought, that what the poor natives of these islands were to us, so thousands and tens of thousands of the inhabitants of so-styled civilised lands were in God's sight—savages in their enmity against a just and good and holy God. I clearly saw that I had not so much danger to dread at the hands of these poor wretched natives, as at the hands of polished and civilised people: those would only assault my body, and rob me of a few earthly comforts, whilst the latter, by their influence and example, would rob me of an everlasting salvation. My heart, by the reflection, was drawn out in behalf

of my native land, and, alas! I felt that there was spiritual wickedness in high places, and corruption working at the very core of human society. The blessing of God's presence in a holy frame of mind, with great joy, was felt as I never felt before in like manner. The time very quickly passed away, very differently from the night before. Afterwards, whilst in bed, I was greatly led out in spirit to praise and bless God.

"The following day, Sunday, was spent very happily and profitably. I was engaged most of the day with my Bible, and in close communion with God, blessed in the sense of his presence and favor. During the morning services, just as we commenced them, the three natives we had hitherto seen came again and either sat or stood at our tent door. There they remained, for the most part very quietly, whilst we were engaged in worship, little thinking how nearly they themselves stood concerned in what we were doing. All things went on very quietly, and nothing occurred to disturb us until late in the afternoon, when we were startled at the mournful yelling cry of some of the women, from their canoes, like the prolonged howl of a dog. The Fuegians, who were with us at the time, immediately pricked up their ears, and making signs to us which we understood to mean that we were not to follow them, they departed in haste, and proceeded up to the head of Banner Cove, toward the outlet leading to Banner Roads.

Soon we perceived, by the help of our glasses, that some strangers were joining them. We noticed that our Fuegians took their spears with them before they went to meet them, and we imagined that the women might at first apprehend that the strangers were their foes.

"In the course of a few hours appeared the new-comers, who, we afterwards had reason to conclude, were from Navarin Island, and of the Yacuna tribe. We were immediately sensible that they were altogether a different people from the others. Their faces were quite blackened over, and they were sturdy and audacious in their bearing, and, as we soon found, impudent and uncontrollable. Unlike the former, they were ready to resent every refusal of their importunate demands, and resisted our endeavours to keep them in check, looking at us with a most contemptuous and malign expression, and, by their demeanor, plainly bespeaking mischief. They were very well made, and, but for the diabolical passions expressed in their countenances, really good-looking men. Like the others, they had the crown of the head cropped close, and the fore part like a circlet of long hair hanging over the face. Like the others, too, they were perfectly naked, except the guanaco skin, which hung loosely over their shoulders and back, and which they occasionally folded together around their arms. Each wore a necklace made of small shells. With five of these men around

us, prying into everything, the other three having now put on a less pacific deportment, and almost entering our tent by force, our situation was not agreeable. It required all our vigilance to watch their motions; and, from their whispering together, and their bold attempts to look into our tents, we suspected that they were concocting some plan of attack. However, after a time, they left us, Captain Gardiner having very plainly expressed his wish to that effect. After this—and upon the conclusion of a very profitable service, during which, as has always been our custom on the Sunday evening, Captain Gardiner read a very excellent and encouraging sermon, and I read from the Scriptures and prayed—we set the watch and retired to bed.

"It had been agreed that, on the least occasion of alarm, a railway whistle, provided for the purpose, should be blown. Accordingly, a little before four o'clock on Monday morning, we were startled by its shrill sound, and were out of bed and dressed in an instant. The cause of the alarm was the coming of the two black-faced natives. It was raining heavily and a very disagreeable morning, and we were a little uncomfortable at so early an intrusion. The Captain and Mr Maidment, together with poor Bryant, who was on watch for the time, encountered them, I returning in after a while, as did the Captain also. Mr Maidment and Bryant being left, had a great deal of trouble with them.

One of them had the audacity to push the former quite off his seat, although he is a much bigger made man than the native himself. They also would have taken off Bryant's boots, had they not been forcibly resisted. After remaining two hours, they grew tired and left us. But in the course of the morning, whilst Mr Maidment and I were out in the boat with Captain Cooper, the same men with some others again visited our tents, and so determined was their conduct, and so utterly contemptuous, all but bordering upon open hostility, that it was quite manifest we could no longer stay on shore, and Erwin came from Captain Gardiner with a message to Captain Cooper, asking him for hands to assist him, as he would at once strike the tents, and have all our things on board the boats. This was the original intention of Captain Gardiner; but he was anxious, while the boats were being got ready, and whilst the vessel was staying with us, to try an establishment on the land, so as to see what disposition the natives would evince. I was already firmly persuaded that the thing was impracticable, and was convinced that to prolong our stay another night would be attended with the loss of our property, and perhaps of our lives. I had only intimated these my apprehensions to Captain Gardiner, but did not press my opinion. I was therefore glad when I heard his determination to abandon the land, and take to our boats. For that purpose, last evening (Monday) all our

things were again brought on board the *Ocean Queen*, where we shall remain for a few days in the enjoyment of all our former comforts, until our boats are ready.

"I should not omit to add that on Monday morning, at the moment the whistle disturbed me from my sleep, after some hours of troubled and anxious thought, I had just begun to slumber. During the night I could not but feel how portentous was our present horizon, and what dangers, difficulties, and privations awaited us on all hands. I greatly deplored the pressure of such thoughts, and resisted them over and over again with little success. But my compassionate Jesus helped me to look up to him as ready to help me even against myself, and to offer up myself again a willing sacrifice unto God. In this frame of mind I had sunk to sleep; and when the alarm awoke me, it was just at the moment when I seemed to be hearing the songs of angels singing, 'We live to Christ alone;' and oh, how heavenly was the impression made upon my heart! how sweet the sound still ringing in my ears, 'We live to Christ alone!' How full of meaning the words, 'Angels live to Christ alone!' We live to him alone, so must you. Yes, yes, my heart, my soul responded; by the grace of my blessed Saviour, I will live to Christ alone.

"I should also mention that whilst reading the Scriptures on Sunday, every word seemed to be a volume, and truly I could say that then he opened

to me the Scriptures. Yea, I bless God, the Scriptures are become a precious treasure to me now, and I begin to verify the saying of Christ, that we must sell all we have, before we can go and purchase the field containing the treasure of God's grace and the riches of his Son. Oh! the world and Christ are opposed indeed. We must leave all if we would be his disciples: not that it is needful that we should all go into a heathen land to find the preciousness of Christ to our souls; but that all who seek after Christ should in no respect be conformed to the world. God's love cannot be felt and known but where God's will is obeyed; and his will requires of us, that we renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil, and live to God; glorifying Christ with our body and soul, which are his.

"On Saturday, in company with Captain Cooper, we took one of the Fuegians with us in the Captain's gig, and cruised about for some hours. I shot a penguin at a considerable distance off, and this for the purpose of making an impression on his mind. He seemed somewhat impressed with the sight of the wounded bird, though not much interested in the gun, or curious about it; however, he did not like that it should be brought very close to him, and seemed to have some fear of it. We took the man afterwards on board the ship, and rigged him out in trousers, shirt, stockings, coat, and cap, which one and another provided for him; we also did the same for two other

Fuegians, who came alongside the vessel in their canoes with their families. Afterwards we took the man back with us to our station; gave him the bird, which, when some of his companions, five in all, including two children, joined him, he put on the burning embers, singed the feathers, then plucked them, and having laid it on the fire again for about a quarter of an hour, it was ready cooked according to their taste; and then, borrowing a knife from one of the men, which he was honest enough afterwards to return, he dissected it, giving each one of the party a portion. These again bit off pieces and gave them to each other. And thus they devoured the whole, without the least part being left except the bones and feathers, shewing us such a specimen of rapacious voracity and expertness in dismembering and clearing the bones, as we had no conception of before. I also shot a large bird, the bald-headed vulture, which I gave them; this they carried off to their families for a repast at home. We have been disappointed in finding no fish in any of the waters about us, neither catching any ourselves, nor seeing any with the natives, with one exception only, and then only a solitary one. Yesterday, we took courage on seeing some large albatrosses in the act of devouring a large rock salmon, which they had a minute or two before caught. The absence of fish is the more important to us, as the Captain, having observed plenty with the natives when he was here

before, had fully reckoned on them, and had provided no store of animal food, not even beef and pork. One thing more to be noticed now, is the remarkable aptitude of the people at imitation. Of this we had a striking instance on Sunday last, when talking to one of the boys. Not a word we uttered, but he repeated it over; not a question we put to him, but he answered us back in our own words, and imitated our every movement, so that it was quite ludicrous to see the child, as well as tiresome to talk with him.

"*Tuesday, Dec.* 17.—In company with Captain Cooper, we dined on shore in honor of the Captain's birthday, and to celebrate the naming of a point of land after him, called Cape Cooper. It rained nearly all the time we were at dinner, but we proceeded therewith as coolly as though we had been in the sunshine, indeed somewhat more so."

Owing to some indispensable repairs, the *Ocean Queen* had been detained in Banner Cove longer than was anticipated; but the time was now arrived when she must proceed on her voyage, and take leave of the missionary settlers. They availed themselves of the opportunity for sending letters home; and a few paragraphs from one which Mr Williams addressed to his sister will interest our readers:—

"*December* 13.

"You will see, my dear Anne, by what I have written to C., where we now are, and how we are

situated. You can enter into my feelings. You know the source which supplies my consolations, and the fountain whence my joys arise. God is all-sufficient for us, if we are his children in Christ Jesus, and put our whole trust in him. All who have hitherto inherited the promises have been strangers and pilgrims, and this, by God's grace, I am now. Rejoice therefore, my dear A., and know that all things shall work together for my good. Be not uneasy and apprehensive concerning me; but let your heart be glad that I am thus called to serve God and live to him. I believe I shall be spared to return to you again. But whatever be the will of God concerning this, we do know his will concerning our meeting together in his own presence, where there are pleasures for evermore. Then all will be lasting and secure: no more change, no more partings; but every tear will be dry, and the songs of our rapture will abound. The lap of comfort is too often the nurse of sin and sorrow, whilst the thorny path of duty, although through the wilderness, is the sure road to everlasting bliss, and fruitful in heavenly joys. Cheer thee up, then, my dear A., and seek with me first the kingdom of God, and live in the enjoyment of the love of Christ."

"WIGWAM, BANNER COVE,
"*December* 18.

"MY DEAR SISTER,—We have this day taken leave of the ship and all on board; and now, with

our boats moored alongside of our station, or rather the place appointed for it, and in a wigwam of our own building—made of trees, thatched at the sides, with a fire in it—not far from the wigwams of the natives; with the woods of Picton Island on the one side, and separated from Garden Island by Banner Cove; seated on the earth for my floor, I now write these last few lines again to say farewell, and to bid you God-speed. God bless you. All is well, dearest A.; the Lord does greatly comfort and strengthen me.

"I have received a very pleasing testimony from the Captain of the ship and the passengers and crew, who united together, and purchased from one of the passengers a gold watch, with a gold chain, a silver pencil-case, and a gold ring. This handsome present was given me to-day by the Captain, in presence of all the company on board, with a very flattering memorial drawn up and read. They allege as the motive to this very handsome conduct, the services I have rendered to many of them; but I can sincerely say that nothing was farther from my expectations, and that I was conscious of no such desert. I simply performed a duty that devolved upon me. Several of the men, even the sailors, wept on my taking leave of them, and seemed to feel greatly on leaving. They also presented Mr Maidment with a ring and pencil-case. He really deserved their esteem; for I never saw any person more kind in his attentions to the sick,

nursing them, cooking for them, and assisting them at all hours of the night. I regard this expression of their kindness as a good evidence that their hearts have been somewhat touched by the profession we have made of the Lord Jesus, and I hope that the grace of God may more deeply and permanently affect them.

"I must close. My love to C., to mother, &c., and to all my dear friends. To-night the ship leaves us. I shall not go on board again; but a boat shall take this on board.

"All is well, God be praised! It is beyond all thought blessed to be given up entirely to the service of Christ. His consolations and the comforts of the Holy Ghost are infinitely precious, and far outweigh all privations we have to encounter.

"Farewell, farewell!

"Your ever affectionate brother,

"RICHARD."

It is the twofold glory of Christianity, that it infuses fresh tenderness into the relative affections, and yet, when needful, it can subordinate or supersede them. Mr Williams had warm feelings naturally, and religion made them warmer; and the parting with loved friends was the sorest pang in his departure for Fuegia. But as distance did not impair his attachments, so these attachments did not weaken his zeal. He did not put his hand to the plough, and turn his eye to his English

home; but, whatever might be his secret hopes for the future, he gave all his heart to the work before him. The love of Christ constrained him, and the sacrifice of earthly endearment which he had made for His sake, helped to render that Master's authority more august and his favor more precious. And if it be a fine spectacle to see a home-sick but oaken-hearted sailor like Collingwood, sustained by a simple sense of duty—keeping his post one weariful year after another, when a flower from his own garden would have been more welcome than a forest of laurel, and a sight of his children more prized than a step in the peerage—it is surely as great a lesson to see the Christian missionary self-exiled from what he deems an earthly paradise, and, in a calling which admits no earthly recompence, bound to a barbarous shore by no other mooring than compassion for his fellow-men and loyalty to his Lord in heaven. It would be wrong to print the outpourings of brotherly and friendly tenderness, and the yearnings homeward with which Mr Williams's letters overflow; but, having been allowed to read them, we confess that they have greatly exalted the writer in our eyes, and have imparted to his mission another element of martyrdom.

Returning to the Journal, we resume the record after the sailing of the *Ocean Queen*:—

"Our ship was seen getting under weigh at about nine o'clock on the morning of the 19th December,

and in a few hours we lost sight of her. God speed her, and all that are in her! About ten o'clock on the same morning we ourselves prepared to leave Banner Cove, in search of a place where we might deposit some of our stores, our boats being too much crowded. We could not stow any in the immediate vicinity, on account of the natives. Accordingly, we got under weigh, but the wind was ahead of us at first. We had to make several tacks, and were sometimes puzzled in the attempt. My berth was in the *Pioneer* with Captain Gardiner; but, as he required two of the sailors with him, I exchanged places with Bryant, and went on board the *Speedwell*, which was under command of Erwin, Badcock being with us. Thus we were divided, Captain Gardiner, Mr Maidment, Pearce, and Bryant in the *Pioneer*, and we three in the *Speedwell*. The *Speedwell* was much the heavier laden of the two, and greatly encumbered with stores. In addition, we had a heavy raft of timber fastened to our stern, and towed after us. I now turned to, to assist for the first time in the management of a sailing craft. I soon was able to handle the main-sheet, in working the boat, 'hauling aft' and 'slackening off,' 'brailing up' and 'furling,' as required; and rigged out in most of the gear of a sailor, with sou'-wester, a blue serge shirt, and heavy sea-boots. The wind was blowing fresh from the N.E., with squalls of rain, and, although somewhat gloomy the weather, and chilling, we set off

in excellent spirits. After tacking about for more than an hour, the *Pioneer* got the start of us, by weathering on one tack the point of land projecting from Garden Island, and we lost sight of her. In attempting to do the same, the raft we had in tow came on our weather bow, whilst we were in stays, and we were driven leeward considerably. We now tried to wear her, but, owing to a field of kelp on our lee bow, she would not go round, and we saw ourselves fast drifting right on the surf. We were startled and amazed at the suddenness of the danger, as well as by its imminency and greatness. It was scarcely credible to our senses, that, in the course of a few minutes, and almost at the instant of our losing sight of our companions, we should be exposed to such a peril as was now before us. All was anxiety and alacrity to do whatever we could. The anchor was hastily let go, but, owing to the mass of kelp and bad holding-ground, it came home until we were in the midst of the rocks. Destruction now, indeed, threatened us, and poor Erwin was almost beside himself. 'The boat, the boat will be lost!—she's done for, she'll go to pieces!' was the poor fellow's repeated exclamation. We did our utmost, by means of the boat-hooks, &c., to keep her from being heaved by the roaring swell on the rocks. Now she was broadside, and all but upon them; now her bow was really in danger of being stoved: we were first at one part, and as immediately at another,

our hands being fully engaged, to keep her from striking. Betwixt two and three hours we continued thus, in constant and unceasing effort, till at length we were somewhat relieved by getting a spring on the cable, on which I held for an hour longer, whilst Erwin and Badcock fixed the boathooks. The wind was blowing hard during the whole time, with increasing blasts at intervals, and the surge was furiously dashing about us. For more than four hours together had we thus to contemplate the probability of our destruction; and if our lives should be saved, yet now, separated from our companions, all our provisions gone, if left on shore, helpless and destitute, and at the mercy of the natives, the prospect was not pleasing. Were such my thoughts? They might have crossed my mind. But they were not my thoughts; my thoughts were altogether different. The grace of God so strongly supported me, that I felt not the least alarm, and was all along confident that we should again get off in safety. Indeed, I could not help thinking that I was too insensible to our danger, and too little affected by it. Certain, however, it was, that not a struggle nor one emotion of fear occurred to me. I felt that, whatever the result might be, all would be well, for God had the ordering of this, as well as of any other circumstance which should betide us. Poor Erwin, as yet a stranger to the grace of God, gave way to passionate paroxysms of grief, not on account of any

danger to himself, but on account of the apprehended loss of our boat, and the injury we all, as well as the mission itself, would sustain thereby. Dear fellow! his feelings reflected honor upon him, as well as his unparallelled exertions. After remaining in our dangerous position the time before specified, a lull occurred in the wind, and we thought it a good opportunity to make an effort to get out, and push round the rocks into open water. It was, however, a most critical juncture, and presented certain destruction if we failed. Falling down before God, we sought his direction and help in prayer, and upon rising from our knees immediately proceeded to cut the chain cable; but, not succeeding in this, we let it go altogether. And now, although destruction appeared inevitable, a [illegible] swell launching us broadside with great force in the direction of the rocks; yet, by the mercy of God, the danger was averted, and, after exerting ourselves to the uttermost, we found ourselves outside the rocks and round the point. Here again another difficulty presented itself. Our rudder had been unshipped and carried away, and, before we could get any command of the boat, the wind and tide drifted us against the opposite small island, Round Island, when we had again to make strenuous efforts with our boat-hooks. Hardly had we escaped this when we touched some sunken rocks and shoal water, but were again mercifully preserved. [illegible] getting free, we took the only alter-

native left us, and ran aground on the shelving beach of Garden Island. Now, thank God, there was rest for the soles of our wearied feet. We hauled up the boat, and gave God praise. Happily at the time no natives appeared. Had they been present and witnessed our distress, humanly speaking we should have been altogether in their power, and in all probability must have fallen victims to their cupidity. But the providence of God was over us. The Lord is our shield. It was late in the day when we got here, and now, without any hope of seeing our companions this day, the wind being strong and against their putting back, we passed the night, sleeping very soundly till the time of high water, about three in the morning, when the boat was again afloat, and we once more got her into Banner Cove.

"Friday the 20th passed, and we saw nothing of our companions till past midnight, when we were aroused from sleep by their shouting and rattling against our boat. How happy were we to see them returned and safe! They too had their difficulties. After losing sight of us they had proceeded, thinking we should soon follow them, and after surveying several entrances on the north shore, had found an excellent harbour about twenty miles from Banner Cove, which Captain Gardiner named Blomefield Harbour, after Sir Thomas Blomefield, former secretary to our Society. Here they passed the night, remaining till the weather afforded them

a hope of returning to seek after us. Shortly after our separation they lost both dingies which they were towing astern, the heavy swell having snapped the chain by which they were fastened. They found the boat not altogether fitted for sea, at least for rough weather, having no scuttle on her fore hatchway, and leaking greatly from one of the bolt-holes in the knee of the bulk-head, which added much to their perplexities. Captain Gardiner was, however, highly gratified in having found a harbour so excellently adapted for us as he deemed Blomefield Harbour to be, where he thought there was every facility to complete the fittings-up of our boat, and to overhaul the *Pioneer* for her leak, and likewise, as no natives were seen, where we might deposit our ample stores.

"Bent upon this, we again set out in company at about ten o'clock, on Saturday the 21st. The morning was very fine, with light breezes, but against us; so that, when in Beagle Channel, we had to tack about all day long, and made but little way. However, all was very pleasant, and we kept in company until the evening, when our boat, the *Speedwell*, got considerably ahead, and we at length lost sight of the *Pioneer*. We stood on our course, and, by the directions given, we got abreast of the entrance to Blomefield Harbour. Surprised, however, at the delay in the *Pioneer* coming up with us, we kept cruising about during the night, and seeing nothing at all of them, we in our turn became

alarmed for their safety. Accordingly, about six in the morning, a fine breeze springing up in favor of our return, we put back for Banner Cove, hoping they might have returned there. Abreast of the Cove we at first saw no indication of them, and were just in the act of standing out again for sea, thinking that somehow or other they must have passed us in the night, and got before us into the harbour, when Badcock got sight of the boat masts and a flag flying at the top of one of them. She was but just visible, and we were greatly puzzled to account for her position, as well as alarmed at seeing her as we thought disastrously stranded. We got up to her as speedily as possible. Blessed be God! our first salutation from Captain Gardiner was, 'All is right, but had you not come, all would have been wrong.' They had put back on account of the light wind, to pass the night in our old locality, and had entered by Cook's Passage, but the tide, on ebbing, had receded further than was expected, and had left them aground. A large party of the natives had come back to Tent Cove, and had been harassing them much. Just as our boat hove in sight they were mustering their forces, and our little party fully expected an attack; but if they had any such intention, our coming caused them to abandon it. Early in the morning the natives had quite taken our friends by surprise, and being ashore, they clambered up into the boat without there being any possibility of preventing

them. At this moment, so critical, the Captain with his little band knelt down and offered up prayer to God, the natives standing about them; and it was apparent that during the time a real change took place in the countenance of one in particular of the natives, and they were all remarkably quiet and subdued. As soon as the tide was at full, the *Pioneer* was got off, and both boats got under weigh.

"*Tuesday, December* 24.—At Tent Cove, early in the morning, our alarm whistle was blown to apprise us that the natives were coming off. This was about four o'clock, and all hands were immediately on deck to be prepared in case they meant to attack us. The natives consisted of eight men with their wives and families, in three canoes; they came alongside, and we deemed it prudent not to let them approach so near as to be able to spring on board. They, however, shewed no actually hostile spirit. We rather anticipated they would, especially as the night previous they had hung up white streamers on their canoes, and painted themselves white, which we understood to mean hostility; and we did not know for what purpose they all were mustered together and put off in company. As we gave them nothing on this occasion, but intimated rather our dissatisfaction with them, they soon left us and went out of the Bay into the Beagle Channel. The natives being gone, we availed our-

selves of this opportunity to get back our raft of timber, which was lying on the beach opposite their wigwams; and we also succeeded in recovering our chain and ground tackle, and also a raft which we had constructed in place of our dingies. In the evening we buried, or rather stowed away, all our surplus provisions, an excellent place being found for that purpose on Garden Island.

"*Wednesday*, 25.—Took up our position at Banner Cove, and overhauled the *Pioneer*, to get at her leak. Christmas day was, as almost every day had hitherto been since we got on board the boats, a day of bustle and work; this was unavoidable. Our Christmas dinner consisted of preserved meat, and some wheat-meal dough with a few raisins in it, which we enjoyed as much as any epicure in England could enjoy his well-spread table and delicate viands. We remembered our dear friends, and in God's name blessed them.

"*Thursday*, 26.—The natives returned, and came up to us in a very friendly manner, and we bartered with them for some small fish, which they had speared; they then passed on in the direction of their wigwams, but we saw nothing more of them that day.

"*Tuesday*, 31.—Up to the present time, nothing very material has occurred. We are now getting into something like settled habits, as respects our new quarters and altered cirumstances.

Two things have happened of a disappointing nature, which it has rather puzzled us to make up for. One is, that whereas Captain Gardiner was in expectation of there being abundance of fish here, we find literally none, saving the small ones caught by the natives, but we do not know where they obtained them. The other disappointment arises from our having left our stock of powder on board, so that we can no longer supply ourselves with ducks and geese, of which there are plenty here. Anticipating neither of these failures, no large provision of animal food was made; only two casks of preserved meat, and one of pork, the latter purchased from the *Ocean Queen*. Consequently, our diet consists chiefly of wheat-meal and oat-meal, with rice and biscuit, cheese, butter, and molasses.

"*Thursday, January* 2, 1851.—Yesterday was with me a day of humbling and bowing down before the Lord. Every circumstance that has occurred in this land of storms and desolation, has tended to the same end—to humble and abase me. The natural man has day by day been crucified. The privation of accustomed comforts, the vicissitudes already experienced, the trying duties devolving on us, the dulness and great inclemency of the climate, the solitude of the scenery, the uninviting character of the natives, and the apparent hopelessness of contending against so many difficul-

ties,—all these things the flesh has had to be loaded with, and, together with its own fears and repinings, to be nailed to the cross and yield up the ghost, whilst in the room thereof Christ should be raised up and found in me the hope of glory."

CHAPTER VIII.

New Trials.

Lord, listen to my lowly dirge,
  My plaintive call attend;
My fainting heart to thee would urge
  A prayer from earth's far end.

Within thy tabernacle shade
  I would for aye abide,
In wings of thy kind sheltering aid
  Would safely rest and hide.

Psalm lxi. 1, 2, 4.—*Keble.*

In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness.—*A Primitive Missionary.*

HAD the funds of the mission admitted of the purchase of a vessel of a hundred tons burden, the mission party would have been comparatively independent. As soon as it became dangerous to remain on shore, they would have found a secure refuge on ship-board; and, in the event of their provisions failing, they could easily have proceeded for supplies to Port Famine or the Falkland Isles. In that case, they would also have been saved the fatigue and anxiety of hiding their stores where there was great risk of the natives finding them; and instead of creeping round these dreary coasts in boats too small to weather a storm, and which could scarcely offer them a dry berth when the day was done, they would have faced the blast with some confidence, and they would, at least, have lodged in comfort.

As it was, with their shallop launches, as soon as the *Ocean Queen* took leave of them they were almost as completely imprisoned in the Fuegian

islands as was Alexander Selkirk in Juan Fernandez; and to reach a Christian settlement across such turbulent seas, would have been little less than a miracle. On the other hand, as Mr Ritchie represented to Captain Gardiner, the chances of European vessels visiting their rendezvous were very small, and it would have required a powerful inducement to tempt any to such a dangerous deflexion from their usual course. But with a noble ardor the leader of the expedition longed to enter on his cherished project. He knew that there were fish in the sea, and abundance of birds on the shore. He had with him provisions for six months; and before these should be expended he calculated on fresh supplies from England. And although none knew better the wildness of these waters, should it be found impossible to propitiate the natives, he trusted that on some unfrequented coast, or afloat in some tranquil cove, he and his comrades might hold out till more effectual means were placed at their disposal.

Already, however, several elements in this calculation were annihilated. To say nothing of the unsuitableness of low-decked boats, whose iron roofs condensed the vapor and kept a perpetual rain dripping on the berths and floors, their serviceableness from the first was materially impaired by the loss of the two "dingies," which were intended as a communication between the launches and the land. By a fearful oversight the gunpowder was

left in the ship, and it was now on its way to San Francisco; and although there were fowling-pieces and good marksmen in the party, they had less power to secure the game with which they were surrounded than the savages who had nothing but their slings. And, although they had brought with them a net, this also they were destined to lose; so that, in a climate beyond all others requiring warm shelter and generous diet, these devoted men soon found themselves without cordials, without animal food, without dry clothing, without a single material comfort.

But not to anticipate the narrative, we resume the Journal of our meek and cheerful missionary:—

"*Lennox Cove, Wednesday, Jan.* 8, 1851.—Another eventful period has elapsed, and introduced new scenes, and brought fresh trials; but, praise God, the good providence of God has been marvellously manifested. As previously mentioned, the natives cau·ed us some alarm, by their mustering together at an early hour on the morning of Tuesday the 24th December; but we could not be sure, though we had a strong suspicion, that their intentions on that occasion were hostile. They passed on, and did not return till Thursday the 26th, when they shewed a decidedly pacific spirit, but we were surprised to see nothing more of them after that time. We did not know whether they left the Cove the same evening or the morning following; nor did we know their

motive for leaving again. It might be that they were planning some mischief against us, or it might be that they were going to fish. We, however, cheerfully entrusted our keeping to God, and determined to wait the order of events, and to act as circumstances should direct.

"That the Fuegians were not to be trusted, and that our property was a great excitement to their cupidity, and that they would go any length to gain possession of it, we were now well assured. The art of dissimulation is very perfect among them: when they were few in number, and while the ship was present, their demeanor was quiet enough; but when they were upon a par with us, the ship being gone, matters were altogether altered.

"The boldness and troublesome conduct of the party who disturbed us whilst in our tents on Garden Island, afforded us one striking instance of their disposition. On that occasion, there were only three or four of them; yet we had some difficulty to keep them from thrusting themselves into our tents, and repeatedly since then we had occasion to notice the haughtiness of their bearing and the forwardness of their conduct. This was more particularly the case with the individual whom, for the sake of distinction, we named 'Jemmy.' This man was very well formed and featured, and most active in his habits: unusual energy and quickness of mind were very perceptible in him. But all this was for evil, and not for good: he was the ring-

leader, and acted in some measure as chief. He was a daring and determined spirit, and his pride and consequence were exhibited in his rejecting with contempt anything of a trifling character, whilst he shewed a sound judgment in appreciating aught of a useful nature. On one occasion he passed back a preserved-meat can, which the others always gladly accepted; and unless it was a knife, or a nail, or something of the sort, which was given him, a withering smile passed across his lips. If we might judge by the working of his features, his opinion of us was altogether contemptuous.

"A rather singular circumstance is connected with the coming of this individual and his party, which happened on the Sunday evening, whilst at our tent as before mentioned. It was then that the peculiar and dismal yelling cry, a loud and prolonged wail of the women in their canoes, moored to the kelp, was set up. We also thought that this 'Jemmy,' as we called him, was in all probability acquainted with a spot where we found the mutilated and charred remains of a human body, the skin of the head and face being undestroyed; and we were not without a suspicion that he might be the perpetrator of this work of malevolence. A sling was found near these remains.

"Another thing to be noticed in 'Jemmy' was his frequent change of complexion. At first he and his companions were painted black; this was afterwards exchanged for white streaks, and then gave

place to a very tastefully executed ornamental painting of white dots very orderly arranged. One of his two wives, as we suppose the young women to be who were generally in his canoe with him, was painted precisely like him, which we took to express his favor towards her. Both these were finely made persons, and really good looking; they had each an infant at the breast. I have been greatly struck with the quiet and easily abashed deportment of these young persons, and with their utter subjection to their master. 'Jemmy,' however, appeared to treat them kindly, and whatever beads or light articles we gave him, he handed to these companions.

"After some days had elapsed, the natives returned on Saturday morning, January 4, about seven o'clock. The signal was given by our look-out, and 'Jemmy' and some others of our old acquaintance were soon alongside. But we found that others, to the number of eight canoes, were coming in sight; and as there are usually two men, and sometimes more, in each canoe, we knew that their strength was greatly superior to ours. Captain Gardiner got his glass, and he plainly enough saw that they were come purposely to attack us, as they were well provided with their war spears; and moreover, they were taking in stones from the beach, the most certain evidence of their hostile intentions. No time was now to be lost, and with all speed both boats were got under sail.

"Several circumstances here are to be recorded of the mercy of God to us. Had we been lying in Tent Cove, as the day before it was proposed we should, we never should have got out of it in time. Or had we had our tents rigged, as we all along had until two days before, when the high winds compelled us to take them down, we should not have been able to get the boats ready soon enough. Or had we not had moorings independent of our anchors, which we had but just been able to provide, we might not have been able to weigh our anchors in time to escape. And, lastly, had not a breeze sprung up just at the very minute we wanted it, we could not have got out and prevented the attack. As it was, we were able, by God's good and merciful care, to get out before they had time to enclose us.

"The marks of disappointment and chagrin were but too evident in their manner, when they saw us safely passing beyond their reach. It was a merciful manifestation of God's care, and truly he answered our trustful expectations and dependence upon him. Had we been well armed, and come to open conflict with them, our chance of success had been poor; but to resist them and do them harm, would have been as great an evil, and as deeply to be regretted by us, as our receiving bodily injury from them, and would have occasioned a double necessity for flight. I had made this very thing a special subject of prayer;

for the thought of injuring them, even in self-defence, is horror to my feelings, neither do I think I could lift up my head any more, were such a thing to happen. In our sudden flight we had to cut away the raft we had built as a substitute for our dingies, as well as the hawser by which we were moored. We were also in the exigency unprovided with water, having but a day's allowance or so with us, and without wood for our fire. The Captain thought our only course was to go again to Blomefield Harbour, the same place we had tried to reach before; but on getting out into the Bay, it was clear we could not attempt it, the boats not yet being properly rigged, their scuttles not being on, and without bulwarks,—the spindles of both rudders being broken, and having no other wherewith to replace them. We therefore determined to sail eastward, and shaped our course accordingly, under favor of a fine fresh breeze from the west. On making the south-east point of Picton Island, we sought to find a cove on the south side, but in vain; and about noon, a dead calm coming on, we lay for some time anchored to the kelp. Here Captain Gardiner offered up a prayer to God, in gratitude for our merciful deliverance. Whilst we were lying here, the Captain expressed himself as being now entirely left to the directing hand of God, and that nothing remained for us, but to leave it to his good providence to direct us where next we should go. His original intention of fortifying

Dothan Island, as he proposed in that case calling it, but which was afterwards, on the abandonment of the scheme, called Round Island, had been frustrated; as had our effort to take up our abode in Picton Island, and our several efforts to find a suitable spot on the north shore of the mainland, particularly our purpose to reach Blomefield Harbour, which the Captain thought so admirably suited to our wants. In fact, we had devised nothing that had issued in success, and we seemed to be getting disastrously crippled; being now without means altogether of getting ashore, unless unusual facilities should be afforded in the character of the harbour. New, Navarin, and Lennox Islands, remained for us to go to. Navarin had the disadvantage of being peopled thickly with the natives, but the light breeze which after a time sprung up seemed to determine in its favor. We accordingly for some time pursued our course for Navarin Island; but about midnight it fell calm, and continued so till near three o'clock, when a breeze from the N.W. sprang up, which soon increased to a heavy gale, and now, wind and tide against us, and unable to beat through the channel, we bore up for Lennox Island. We ran before the wind, passing every creek and cove, in search of a suitable place for anchorage, and between nine and ten, on the Sunday morning, Jan. 5, arrived off Lennox Harbour. We anchored during that day in the harbour, and next morning weighed for the

purpose of grounding the boat. The wind being ahead, we, that is, the *Pioneer*, were just on the point of running in on the beach, when the wind taking her aback, she was driven among a reef of rocks, and escaped destruction as by a miracle. A sharp-pointed rock was just cleared by her, and her quarter was in imminent danger of being stove in on another mass of rock. She, however, ran on a little sandy bed, and escaped all the rocks most marvellously, so that afterwards, when the tide had ebbed, we were astounded to see how remarkable her escape had been. It was rather singular, that just at the moment I heard her bouncing against the ground, I was calling on the Lord in my morning prayer; and though conscious something was wrong from the hasty movements and anxious expressions overhead, yet I was assured of our safety, and altogether without any perturbed feelings.

"The *Speedwell* took the land where it was proposed she should,—the beach, happily a sandy one, affording very favorable means of getting ashore. There was nothing very inviting in the appearance of Lennox Harbour, or the island; but a resting-place from storms, where we could lie some time undisturbed by the natives, and complete our boats, was very desirable, and we felt truly thankful when we saw neither wigwam nor natives in the harbour.

"The day after our arrival here, we found that

we could not get either boat afloat, the tide on the previous morning being higher than usual, owing to the force of the tempest, and it being the second or third day after spring-tide. We must now wait till the next spring-tide, some nine or ten days, and if natives come, we can't flee from them. Bless the Lord, His hand has some secret but wise purpose here. We shall see by and by what it means.

"*Thursday, January* 9.—Last night I remarkably experienced the force of St Paul's words, Eph. iii. 16. I literally felt the might of Christ strengthening me by his Spirit in the inner man. A powerful temptation to view our present circumstances with apprehension was forced into my mind. I felt that it was a device of Satan, and I instantly fastened my hold on the Lord Jesus. Delightfully did I feel that, leaning on his power, I feared no evil; and, with a sense of his presence to cheer and bless me, I had 'a heart for any fate.' Never did I experience so vividly that it was not I myself, but 'Christ in me,' that won the victory; or rather, that it was faith which seized hold on Christ's right arm, and thus wrought the triumph. I seemed at the time as if, in my complete nothingness, I had a power in my hand with which I could resist the devil, and stand firm against all his wiles.

"*Friday, January* 10, *Eleven* P.M.—I bless and praise God that this day has been, I think, the happiest of my life. The fire of divine love has

been burning on the mean altar of my heart, and the torch-light of faith has been in full trim, so that I have only had to wave it to the right hand or left, in order to discern spiritual things in heavenly places. With it this poor heart of mine, that so long has been a dark cavern, wherein with mournful consciousness of sin and vileness I have withdrawn myself and fainted at the rebuke of the Lord, has now been lighted up, and shewn to me both swept and garnished, sprinkled as it is with the blood of Christ Jesus. And now it is made a temple-shrine for an indwelling God. And lo! I have come out from my darkness, and am made light in the Lord, and, like Elijah standing on the mount before the Lord, I no longer pine in the sadness of gloom and disappointment, as not understanding 'the ways of God with men,' and his providential as well as his spiritual guidance of his children; but awakening up from my reverie, and finishing my journey in the wilderness, I learn how great is the mystery of godliness, and how needful is the chastening of the Lord to his children, whilst as a Father he afflicts us for our profit, and humbles and abases us by the rod of his hand, and gives us to feel our poverty of spirit, our helplessness, and unworthiness, as a needful preparation to our beholding his glory, and hearing the still small voice of his love. To-day, the voice of the Lord has sounded in my ears, 'Come up hither;' yea, I have ascended up on high, and

dwelt with God in love. Now, now, now, the Lord Jesus is in me the hope of eternal glory.

" *Saturday, Jan.* 11.—Another day of joy and peace, and sweet communion with my Lord. During the evening had a very sweet season with the men in prayer, each one, after the good old Methodist fashion, praying. Bless God, it was a favored time. The Spirit of God was with us, and we sang together with heart and voice. Erwin is, thank God, laboring under deep conviction and penitential sorrow for sin. I have no doubt now of his soon being one with us. This is indeed a matter of praise to God."

The present circumstances of the mission party were very critical. Their boats were aground, and there was no prospect of getting them afloat for a week. And to make the peril imminent, two of their number returned from a walk with the tidings that there were natives in the adjoining cove. But amidst these dangers and disasters a holy joy was filling the mind of Mr Williams, and rendering him forgetful of every temporal evil. The only member of the expedition of whom he stood in doubt was becoming " a brother in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ ; " and, under the teaching of the Comforter, his own spirit was surcharged with those sublime realisations which render the believer more than heroic. It is thus that he writes in his Antarctic Patmos :—

" *Monday, Jan.* 13.—Last night, I was awak-

ened by thoughts crowding into my mind. The eye of faith ran over the foundations of its hope, and discovered such glorious marks of everlasting stability. I saw a necessity for the atonement in the astonishing baseness to which our nature had fallen, and for the power and wisdom engaged in our restoration being nothing short of God—the eternal God manifest in the flesh. As clearly as I perceived that body and soul make one man, so clearly and certainly did I see that God and man make one Christ, 'the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Prince of Peace.' Now my soul drank plentifully of the streams which make glad the city of our God. Every feature of the Divine sacrifice acquired additional value in my eyes. I bowed before the Lord, and humbled my soul before him who saith of himself, 'I am he that liveth and was dead, and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death.' I felt that the inestimable price of my Saviour's blood was put into my hand. I could not tell nor count the riches I was worth; yea, I could scarce grasp the thought that all this was mine. But God strengthened my faith again, and I realised the glorious truth that with such a price in my hand I could *buy* all heaven and all the promises of God. I did apply the golden key to heaven's treasury, and with it opened the storehouse of God's exceeding great and precious promises. With glorious light streaming in my face,

and my heart dancing for very joy, I saw such a meaning in the words, 'Grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord,' as filled me with wonder and 'great admiration.' Indeed, I was lost in wonder, love, and joy. Grace reigns! Mercy is on the throne of Omnipotence! Love is exalted,—to do its own will, to follow its own promptings, to give out of a full hand, to bless according to its boundless charity. Grace reigns! Jesus is enthroned! He who loved us and gave himself for us, has all power in heaven and on earth, and is ascended to give gifts unto men, and to dispense eternal bliss to his redeemed people. What I saw and felt of Christ's love no tongue can tell. Heaven was begun below. How long I continued feasting on such a feast of fat things and on this 'wine of the kingdom' well refined, I cannot tell. But some hours must have passed, for with the exertion of the spiritual and mental energies nature was all but exhausted. I was just on the point of dozing, when the imagery of Israel singing in the wilderness was presented to me: 'I will give her her vineyards from thence, and the valley of Achor for a door of hope: and she shall sing there, as in the days of her youth, and as in the day when she came up out of the land of Egypt.'* I recognised the promise, and, whilst praise swelled upon my lips, melody was

* Hosea ii. 15.

made in my heart, and I felt the blessedness of an intimate communion with those who sing the song of Moses and the Lamb.

" O glorious hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagle wings;
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

" O that I might at once go up!
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess:
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
A howling wilderness!

" Now, O my Joshua, bring me in,
Cast out thy foes; the inbred sin,
The carnal mind, remove;
The purchase of thy death divide,
And oh, with all the sanctified
Give me a 'lot' of love!

"Yesterday I held a prayer-meeting in the morning with the men; in the evening I read to them one of Mr Wesley's sermons. Dear Erwin is thirsting after the righteousness which is of God. I am delighted to see his humble and contrite spirit before the Lord. Bless God, he is not far from the kingdom of heaven.

" *Lennox Harbour, Saturday, January* 18.—Come to-morrow, Sunday, we shall have been here just a fortnight. Many have been the mercies we have experienced since coming here. In our utterly helpless state, both boats aground, and the

tide not reaching anything near to them, we day by day verified the gracious and merciful protection of God's providence in keeping the Fuegians unapprised of our situation, and hindering their coming. We did not expect to get off before the return of the next spring-tide, which would be at least ten days; and during this time, of course, there would be many possibilities of our situation being discovered. Jammed as the *Pioneer* was among the rocks, so that any one bent on doing us an injury could stand right above us; and to this add the weakness of our small party: and to human thinking, no position could present more occasion for apprehension and anxiety. But I believe not one of our party felt either, or if any one of us did, there was at least no indication of it; but our solicitude was hushed into repose by our hope in God. The boats were separated at some distance from each other, and we thus made two parties. It was to me a favorable occasion for pressing on the men the need they had, together with myself, of doubling our diligence to 'make our calling and election sure;' and of uniting with them in fervent prayer unto God. The special presence of the Lord was felt on two occasions, whilst we held prayer-meetings. I have great hope of dear Erwin, that God will make him a blessing to us and to himself. It is this coming to the vital matters, and urging on the soul an immediate consideration of the truth as it is in Jesus; pressing home the con-

viction, at the same time carrying help to the stricken penitent, encouraging him to seek and helping him to find, according to God's promise, a present salvation,—it is this which makes such a material difference betwixt our Methodistic mode of procedure and that of many other denominations of Christians. Many brands are thus plucked from the burning, who, according to a more formal mode of administering the things of God, might never have been saved."

Captain Gardiner and Mr Maidment were members of the Church of England, and, in the hope of its being eventually taken up by some Church Society, it was agreed that the Fuegian Mission should be conducted on Church of England principles. This arrangement was with the entire assent of Mr Williams; but it is not wonderful that reminiscences of love-feasts and class-meetings should have mingled with his adopted churchmanship. And having in his three Cornish brethren so many live coals, it was all the easier to set the fire a-burning. His faithfulness and fervor were, we trust, blessed to the salvation of the only member of the expedition who had not yet tasted that the Lord is gracious. In being thus instant in season, Mr Williams set an example to every Christian; even as the personal urgency which Mr Williams justly claims as a distinction of Wesleyan Methodism, is a lesson to all the churches. But, to return to Lennox Harbour, and our interrupted narrative :—

"On the day of our arrival, we saw two fine Fuegian dogs, which led us to expect that the natives were not far off. In the course of the week we saw the dogs again, but still no natives. In the neighbouring cove there was a well-built wigwam, and an enormous pile of mussel-shells, the work, I should think, of many generations. Here, too, not far from the wigwam, we found human remains—a skull and bones of the extremities. In the cove on Sunday last, the 12th, we saw a canoe, and the smoke issuing from a wigwam, but when we looked the next day the natives were gone. We were well pleased to think they had not perceived us.

"Day after day we waited patiently for the moon to enlarge her borders and approach to full, that we might by the spring-tide get our boats off. On Wednesday we dug away the sand from under the *Speedwell's* keel, and tried, by tackles and rollers under her, to get her nearer the sea, that we might make doubly sure of success. However, this was a vain effort, the weight of the iron decks rendering it utterly impracticable. We made greater efforts the next day, turning in a stream of fresh water and damming it up around her, and then using the lever and rollers as before; but with no avail. The Captain thought that the moon was at full that day, and as the tide was still deficient, not more than reaching to the stern of the *Speedwell*, which was nearest the sea, he considered that we had little

hope of getting off at all, unless a similar combination of circumstances should occur, as was the cause of our driving so high upon the beach, viz., a gale blowing from the N.N.E. and a high spring-tide.

"*Friday the 17th.*—I awoke, and sweet was the communion of my soul with the Lord in prayer. I felt that I could trust God, yea, for all things. It was sufficient for me to know that my God ordered all events, and that he had all power to do whatever pleased him. Whilst thus hanging upon Him, it suddenly occurred whether I could believe that we should get out of our present difficulties. Faith unhesitatingly replied, Yes. But when? when wilt thou get out of them? When it shall please God. 'Couldst thou not believe God was able to send his water high enough to float the boats this very morning?' Yes, replied faith. I could believe it without a doubt. 'But now?' said the same questioner within me. 'Now,' I thought, 'now?' It required only the pause of a moment to answer, 'Yes, now. I do believe that God will send his water this very morning, and float the boats, that we shall get off.' A wondrous power constrained me to believe it. It was no act of my natural, fleshly mind, but the Spirit of God gave light to see the Lord's will, and that therefore I might believe he could precisely do what he suggested to me to believe. Scarce had the assent of my faith been given, when I heard one of the men, who had

just got up, and gone on deck, say, 'She is afloat!' From any natural ground I had not the slightest suspicion, much less intimation, of the fact. It was not long afterwards that our boat (*Pioneer*), which had so dangerously entered among the rocks, but as wondrously escaped injury from them, was once more in open water, and safe. The *Speedwell* was also sufficiently surrounded with water to have enabled her to float, only that the rollers which were under her raised her considerably, and did not allow of her getting off. This, however, she did the next day (Saturday), the rollers having been taken away. And thus once more we were out of our difficulties.

"The *natural* cause of this singular rising of the tide, contrary to our expectations, was, that here the difference between two tides is very remarkable, and it being so low the day before, we did not see any probability of there being a rise so much above the level of what it was only a tide or two before.

"As it was impracticable for us to continue any longer in Lennox Harbour, it being too exposed for us to ride safely at anchor, our tackling being not strong enough, and we had had enough of beaching the boats, we were fain to seek new quarters. Some few days before, the Captain, with Mr Maidment, had walked across the country to explore for a fresh cove, and found one which promised to answer well, and to which he gave the

name of Mercy Cove. Thither we now directed our course.

"During the first week of our residence at Lennox Harbour, with the exception of seeing the two dogs, which crossed the beach and barked at us on two different occasions, we had no reason to think natives were near us. On Tuesday the 14th, a party came to us. It consisted of two men, and we believe one family. They were very quiet and docile, and one of the men very good-looking, with good feelings exhibited in his peaceful and pleasant countenance. It seemed quite unwarrantable and uncharitable to think evil of him, or to suspect he would do us harm. The child they brought with them was a very interesting little vivacious fellow. The father was most careful of him, and scarcely allowed us to handle him. He was well wrapped up in skins. All this was pleasing, and it is a pleasing trait—conspicuous in the Fuegian character, as far as we have yet been able to judge—their fondness for their children. As these were the only party that we saw whilst we were in the harbour, we were very easy as long as they continued with us. We could not tell, however, but that they might go off for others. They did leave us on the Friday, but came back on the following morning, and again in the course of the morning left us.

"Late on Saturday afternoon, at high water, after experiencing fresh difficulties in getting our boats over the irregular sand-banks in our way, and

grounding repeatedly, at length we found all right, and shaped our course for Mercy Cove, a few miles south of Lennox Harbour. When abreast of a cluster of islands adjacent to Luff Island, we saw a large body of natives on the beach to the left of us, and our old acquaintance of Lennox Harbour on the island to the right. They were engaged in fishing or hunting seals, which were very plentiful near to the spot. They no sooner caught sight of us than, as usual, the uproar was great; shouting and gesticulating were the order of the day. Canoes immediately put off, and they paddled away with a speed which exceeded all our previous thoughts of their skill. We were now within a short distance of Mercy Cove; but it was evident that if we proceeded, the whole of the large party, consisting of about five-and-twenty persons, would follow us, and we should be at their mercy. We therefore regretfully turned back upon our path, and cast anchor in Lennox Harbour.

"Next morning, Sunday the 19th, just a fortnight after our first arrival in the harbour, the Captain thought it advisable to get under weigh again, with the intention of going to Cape Rees or Blomefield Harbour. His reason was, that he felt sure the natives would follow us, and we should not be able to spend a quiet Sabbath where we were; and he thought it very desirable that we should get off early, and arrive at our fresh destination, wherever that should be, early enough to

hold our religious services. We weighed anchor, therefore, soon after four o'clock; with a wind at first light and favorable, and a promising morning. However, we had scarcely got into Oglander Bay, when the wind freshened and became dead ahead. We consequently beat about, still persisting in our intention. Whilst tacking, the two boats ran foul of each other, and carried away our bowsprit, doing some slight injuries also to the *Speedwell.* It was a time of great danger, and the wonder is that one or both of us had not our bows stove in, —the rudder of the *Pioneer* not being seaworthy. We therefore bore away for Lennox Harbour, and reached it again. As we entered the mouth of the harbour, the wind being right ahead, and our bowsprit and jib having been carried away, we missed stays, and were obliged to run an anchor out in haste to keep ourselves off the rocks. Our position was a fresh instance of imminent peril. The wind now blew a hurricane; and at first our anchor dragged, and we were threatened with destruction; but the kelp did us good service, and we held on. Nearly the whole day the pitiless blasts smote us, and the foaming water raged around us, the dark clouds pouring on us their pelting hailstones and deluges of rain. It was really fearful. We were anything but sheltered, being nearly at the entrance of the harbour, and within thirty or forty feet of the rocks, against which had we dashed, we must inevitably have been

lost. But God in his providential mercy was with us. We all felt, however, that we had done wrong in getting under weigh on the Sunday morning; and greatly did I feel relieved when I heard the Captain say that he also felt it wrong. 'Never,' said he, 'never have I commenced a voyage or a journey on the Sabbath before, and this shall be the last time.'

"*Reliance Cove, Wednesday, January* 22.—On Monday following, the 20th, we again got under weigh for Blomefield Harbour, the day being fine. Our doing so was contrary to the impression I had derived from what had occurred on our former attempts. However, I gave no expression whatever to my thoughts; and there were such great advantages to be reaped from the nature of the harbour, the serenity and completeness of the shelter, that it appeared very desirable we should go there. In our way to it we passed, about mid-day or somewhat later, Cape Rees, where a snug cove seemed to invite us in, and the wind falling calm, we dropped almost into the opening of it. Nothing, however, would do but Blomefield; so on we went as soon as the wind sprang up.

"We arrived off Blomefield Harbour at half-past eight o'clock. As we got in sight of the harbour, we saw several fires a little to the eastward of Cape Despard, and we were soon apprised that there was a good party of the natives present. Three canoes put off, and it being calm at the time,

they shortly came up with us. Amongst them was one of our Banner Cove acquaintances, and a member of the league organised against us. There were some very fine men amongst them, who, one especially, we thought must belong to the mainland.

"Our errand was now altogether useless. It was clear we should have no rest nor quiet, and equally clear that the natives would soon accumulate an overwhelming force, and overpower our small and feeble party. It was agreed that our only course was, late as it was now getting, to turn back upon our route, and make again for Banner Cove, as a temporary asylum. We kept under sail all night, it being for the most part of the time a calm, or but very little wind. Whilst we lay becalmed off the north-west end of Picton Island, a canoe put off, in which we found the intimate associate of Jemmy, the great concerter of the attacks upon us, and our most troublesome acquaintance. This circumstance at once apprised us that Banner Cove would be no shelter for us; for we were quite certain that the hue and cry would go forth, and that they would all be around us very soon. Thus being driven out of every asylum, and it being quite impracticable, in the crippled state of our boats, to beat about and dodge off and on from place to place, an opportunity was sought to confer together as to the course we should, in the midst of such perplexities,

pursue. The Captain offered up prayer,—a prayer breathed in simplicity and godly sincerity, and in firm reliance upon the goodness and providential direction of our heavenly Father; and afterwards it was decided, that, as the only alternative now left, we should pursue our course to the eastward, and if unable to find a convenient cove, that we should go on to Spaniard's Harbour.

"The wind favoring us, we proceeded accordingly. At half-past eleven we found a cove under Cape St Pio, where we might make at least a short stay, and get fresh supplies of water and wood. We accordingly anchored, and in the afternoon went ashore, and walked over the headland till we came in sight of Cape Jessie. In the course of our walk, which, going and returning, occupied five hours, we saw a guanaco acting as a scout, perched on the highest point of land, and watching us with a very narrow scrutiny. It did not allow us to get very near, but, with a leap and a bound in the air, gave the signal to the herd and started off. We saw the footprints of these animals very numerous, and also many Indian paths. The only other trace of natives was a wigwam near the beach.

"*Thursday, Jan.* 23.—Having got the rudder put to rights, and having obtained fresh supplies of wood and water, we left Reliance Cove, at a quarter to ten A.M., with a fair-weather sky. As we passed one of the lying-out rocks, we were

interested in seeing the number of fur seals which were grouped upon it. We were becalmed for a time, within a short distance of them; their gruntings amused us much. Towards evening the wind freshened, and we sought for shelter in Slogget Bay, and anchored for the night in West Cove.

" Next morning, Friday, 24th, we again weighed anchor at a quarter to twelve. We had a good run, nothing occurring to us but the loss of the sprit to the *Speedwell,* which happened while beating in for Spaniard Harbour, where we anchored at a quarter past nine P.M. We now hoped we were got to a place of refuge, where we might for a time, at least, have rest from our wanderings; and remembering our bad and troublesome and long passage in the *Ocean Queen* over the ground we had now with so much pleasantness and facility traversed, we were very thankful, seeing plainly the hand of our God in his mercy and favoring providence. To God we did unitedly give the praise and the glory.

" Next morning, Saturday the 25th, perceiving an opening from the sea to what appeared a lagoon of fresh water, we resolved to take up our position there. We got on shore, and I took a long stroll. Whilst pursuing my way along the bank of a mountain torrent, I was struck with the many advantages the country here possesses over what we had seen elsewhere. In some spots there was really good meadow land, and the scenery was

pleasing—valleys, and copses of wood, with a bold range of mountains and hilly bluffs, meeting the eye in its furthest range. The sun was shining out quite warm; indeed, the weather was delightful, and I felt a real pleasure whilst contemplating the country around me, and joyous and pleasing hopes threw a radiance on my spirits. I began to think that even Tierra del Fuego had in itself natural charms and beauty, and that it could put on a pleasing aspect and claim our sympathy. But when, in addition to such physical enjoyment, I thought of the poor inhabitants of the land as eventually brought to the knowledge of a Saviour, I was overjoyed and full of praise to God at what I felt of his goodness, and at what I felt of hope and expectation from that goodness. In such a sense of God's blessing and favor, I knelt down where no eye but His could see, and prayed, and gave thanks.

"Returning to the boats, I found them anchored off the right bank of the river—the side opposite to the one I had got ashore—and, as the tide was ebbing, they were both aground; and as they had no means of sending off for me, it was necessary that I should walk, and find a fordable place for crossing the stream. I therefore retraced my steps, and scrambled through copse and brushwood, some of which consisted of a species of currant-tree, and was so strongly entangled it was almost impossible to get through. Penetrating

further inland, the country became more open and trees larger, and I perceived at a distance a few wigwams, which I thought it not prudent to approach any nearer, as I was already some miles away from the boats. I therefore crossed the river here, and after a long journey, now in the forest and presently again in the plain, with some difficulty in finding my way at all, I got back, having been absent five or six hours, both fatigued and hungry.

"We continued at Cook's River until Tuesday, Jan. 28, when finding it to be very inconvenient for us to get ashore, as well as imprudent to be so long aground, we removed to a well sheltered inlet, which we called Earnest Cove. The weather every day for nearly a fortnight had been fine, the sun quite strong, and much light wind, with but occasional showers of rain. At Lennox Harbour we had it very fine, and in our various journeys, as well as since our arrival in Spaniard's Harbour, the weather had been very fine, some of the days for a short time equalling in warmth and brightness a summer's day in England. At nightfall, however, it generally becomes cold, though there were three exceptions in a fortnight to that, the temperature remaining high, and even close. We were much cheered by the prevalence of fine weather, and how greatly it had favored us we could not sufficiently estimate.

"Friday, the last day of January, after a

beautiful day, the weather began to look squally and to rain heavily, and continued to do so all night. A heavy gale was blowing out in the offing, but we rode very snugly, protected from the wind which blew off shore, yet feeling the swell of the sea; and as the two boats were moored, one ahead of the other, with an anchor to seaward and a hawser to the shore, we felt the strain on them caused by the sea, and most of us were kept awake throughout the night. I had remarkable impressions made on my mind. There were many vivid suggestions of danger, but never did I feel so unaffected by the thought. A very heaven of repose and love was around me, and my heart rested so assuredly and trusted so implicitly in God, that it was blissful to feel as I did. Awakened repeatedly by the jerk of the hawser and the strain of the boats, and hearing the roar and dash of the water around, and the pelting of the hail and rain, and the howl of the sweeping blasts, something would point at danger as present; but I quietly resigned myself to slumber, after communion with the Keeper of Israel, whose eye I knew was over me. Some time betwixt ten and twelve o'clock next morning, whilst calm and sheltered from the rough weather, I heard the Captain give orders for the *Speedwell* to cast off from our stern, apprehensive, it seemed, of the hawser giving way, as both boats were riding by it. Scarce a minute elapsed after this was done, before the concussion

of the boat against the beach was felt, and almost as instantly a swell broke over her stern, and rushed into our dormitory. I could scarcely credit my senses. Another, and another thump, and another sea breaking in over us, confirmed me in the fact that something fearful had happened. On looking out, the Captain and Pearce were busily occupied with poles, endeavouring to keep her broadside from the surf; but this seemed next to impossible, as the water was pouring into the after part of the boat, tumbling right over the stern-sheets, and threatening to float everything. The poor *Pioneer* was not only thumping against the beach, which, being of sand, might not so materially have damaged her; but it was evident from the grating sound that her bilge was upon rocks. Owing to the force of the swell, no effort could keep her from swinging upon them, and she rolled backwards and forwards upon the surge, threatening to knock herself to pieces. It was useless to bail any longer, and we soon gave up all hope of doing anything for her, but proceeded as rapidly as we could to get our things out of her. Our Captain, always first in everything, now got into our so-called cabin, to hand out the things, and by this time our boxes were already floating, and the most of our goods were wet. Mr Maidment and I waded through the surf and the swell backwards and forwards, carrying ashore the bedding and tools as the Captain and Pearce handed them out.

By the time we had cleared out most of the cargo, the water had risen as high as the thwart, and the Captain's two boxes floated themselves out into the stern-sheets, with their contents. My chest was too large to admit of being removed, and had to remain in.

"During all this time it was raining and hailing in heavy showers; and we looked most miserable. But I felt neither cast down nor much discomforted. A strong consolation sustained me; it was my God who gave it me. I have often, under ordinary circumstances, as being wetted by a shower of rain in England, experienced more depression and discomfort than all that I felt on this occasion. Indeed, the strong arm of God was so around me, that I felt more happiness in His presence and support, than pain in contemplating this disaster, or distress from exposure to the weather and the water. Besides, something seemed to whisper and tell me that all was right, that this was a movement of God's providence in our favor. And I did not doubt but that it was.

"We had done all that could be done, closing up the fore hatchway, as not much water was in this section of the boat, and we had no alternative but to let her drive with the advancing tide and take the strand. It was impossible to carry an anchor out to sea, as, although we had the day before succeeded in making another raft, yet it was too light to bear the anchor and chain with a

man on it; besides, the heavy swell of itself rendered this impracticable.

"Towards nightfall, it came on a storm of snow, and we were heartily glad to take shelter in a large cavern in the rocks, which opened to the sea, and indeed at high water it was cut off by the sea rising some way into it. It was very spacious, and after running some thirty yards back, branched off at either side like the letter T; but these flanks did not extend very far. Under extraordinary tides, with gales of wind concurring, from the shells cast up at the further end of the cavern, it was evident that the water reached even so far,—no very agreeable information to us, in prospect of taking up our night's quarters there. However, we saw no cause for present apprehension, as the wind was not blowing into the harbour, and having lighted a fire near the entrance of the cave, after refreshment and prayer, we committed ourselves to God, as unto a faithful Creator.

"In spite of wet things, and in spite of all apprehensions, we managed to get a sound night's rest. The roar of the water, as it washed through the archway of a huge rock forming a prolongation of one of the sides of the cavern, and met with another army of waves from the opposite side, and then, in a mighty struggle against each other, heaving and foaming, came bellowing into our cave —this roar of the water disturbed me now and then, and the thought that, like some voracious

animal, it was almost upon us, just occurred to me; but it could not drive away sleep from my eyes, for I was at peace with God, and had hope in Him. The disaster which had befallen us was singularly presented to my mind as ordered by Providence for our good. Strangely did I feel impressed that this was the case, and felt a satisfaction in seeing the stranded boat, that, but for my conviction that it was God's doing, would have been most unreasonable. But seeing it in this light, how great was the mercy that spared us, and brought it about with so little suffering to ourselves, neither permitting irretrievable damage to our clothes and property, nor suffering us to be exposed to the inclemency of the weather without an asylum and the means of providing comfort!

"On the Saturday evening, before retiring to the cavern, the Captain still entertained hopes that the boat would be repairable, and that her damages were not very serious. Next morning, however, she was found to be stove in, and that by an unexpected cause. Upon the beach, but considerably above the tide of the previous evening, and not in a direct line with the boat, was a large tree lying lengthwise with its stump to the sea; and against this the boat had by the morning's tide been driven, the sea rising higher, and the swell turning her bow right opposite the stem of the tree, so that her timbers were sadly stove in. And now

also we found her bilge so much injured that all hope of saving her was at once given up.

"Sunday evening's tide, and more particularly that on Monday morning, completed the work of destruction. On these days the weather continued most stormy, the wind blowing a furious gale, the sea foaming, and the lee-shore opposite presenting one continued line of breaking sea. Hail, rain, and snow, succeeded each other, or were all combined by fits and starts. We were entirely confined to our cave, which proved to be very damp, and the smoke of our fire drifting into it made it altogether no very desirable residence; although, in our emergency, we felt it to be indeed a mercifully provided shelter.

"On Monday evening, for the first time, we were able to hold communication with the *Speedwell*, the weather subsiding sufficiently for the crew to come ashore on the raft; and then we learned how great had been their apprehension concerning us, and their own alarm, lest they themselves should undergo severe disasters by being loosed from their moorings. They were obliged to take their stove and attach it to a hawser ready to throw out as an anchor, in case her chain cable parted; consequently they could cook nothing, nor provide themselves tea all the time. We were happy again to comfort one another.

"We continued our residence in the cavern by night as well as by day, until Thursday night,

February 5, when we again made use of the after section of our boat as a sleeping-place, and on the Friday following we divided her into her original two sections, and hauled up the sound section further on the beach. Here we have at present, Saturday, February 8, a comfortable sleeping-place, covered with our oiled canvas, quite protected from the wet, though not quite beyond the reach of the sea should a very high tide roll in.

"My night in the cavern has been somewhat restless, feeling the damp and the gloom of it, and smothered by the smoke which is condensed within its walls. Again for four days in succession I have had all my linen, and nearly all my clothes, lying out on the beach to dry; being obliged to rinse nearly the whole of them, in order to clear them from salt water. But it required constant activity to improve every glance of sunshine, and to snatch them under covert at the approach of a storm. Owing to the constant rains the ground is now like a sponge, and the beach is crossed by streams flowing from the high lands through the woods, and washing away the sand in all directions. The mountain stream, where the flow of water is always abundant, has now become a perfect cascade, dashing its roaring torrent down from one level to another, with a very striking effect. How remarkable is our present situation! How striking is the providence of God! Here we have shelter and security; and here we propose to remain until the

commencement of April, and only to leave here when the prospect of a vessel's arrival draws nigh. How mercifully had God ordered that we, so weak a party, and so defenceless and helpless, should not be exposed to the irruption of the natives upon us! Had this asylum been rendered unavailing by the presence of the natives, none of whom we have seen since our arrival, what should we have done? I know that God could even then have provided for us; but, humanly speaking, our position would have been most dangerous. To have put to sea again would have been to expose ourselves to the tremendous gales which incessantly have prevailed for so long a time, and which we could not possibly have weathered in our frail boat of seven tons burden only. And could we have got back to Picton Island, no prospect would have remained to us but to be hunted about from place to place, like a hare chased by the hounds.

"How evident that we were not in a position to commence, with such slight means, so arduous an undertaking! But all this is well; the Mission has been thereby begun, which, had we awaited for more efficient means, it never probably would have been. We are all agreed that nothing short of a brigantine or schooner of 80 or 100 tons burden can answer our ends, and to procure this ultimately the Captain has fully determined to use every effort. Our plan of action now is to "rough it" through all the circumstances which it shall please

God to permit to happen to us, until the arrival of a vessel, and then to take with us some Fuegians, and go to the Falkland Islands, there to learn their language, and when we have acquired it, and got the necessary vessel, to come out again, and go amongst them. It is utterly impracticable ever to açquire the language by any other method, so far as human foresight can judge of such matters; and to sojourn amongst them before the language is known, would be to run in the face of certain destruction, and to tempt Providence, as much as to run under a falling wall or to leap over a precipice, and expect safety.

"When first I cast my eyes upon the work before me, and viewed the natives of Banner Cove, —the people to whom, by God's mercy, I and my companions were sent to shew them an open door to eternal life,—it was with a profound ignorance of the means whereby so great a work was to be accomplished. I had no clue whatever in any plan that had been submitted to my understanding, and as to the steps to be taken I was in darkness; for in this the Captain consulted not with me, neither did he propound his plans more than the momentary intimation which preceded some new step, which the exigency of the moment had given birth to. Therefore, as far as my judgment went, I saw nothing practicable or feasible; but I committed the direction of our affairs to Him who, I was sure, would wisely and beneficently order all things by

his providence, and who, I felt persuaded, would send light for our guidance in the very midst of our present thick darkness. A short acquaintance with the natives confirmed the unfavorable report which such writers as FitzRoy, King, and Darwin, had given; and in the forefront of all their actions it was visible that when they were the weaker party, they were mild and submissive; but the instant they had the prospect of taking us at a disadvantage, or unawares, they became presuming and full of mischief. Consequently, from the time we fixed our abode in Banner Cove to the present, I never saw any one way likely to lead us to success.

"The destruction of the *Pioneer* in Earnest Cove, is another of the acts of God's providence toward us. How many had been the dangers, or at least apprehensions, we had experienced of our being separated one from another! Now in the *Speedwell* was nearly all our store of provisions, and a separation at sea must have been fatal to both of us. The *Pioneer* was also more difficult of management than the *Speedwell*, not answering readily to her helm, nor sailing so well. Both boats were ill manned; though under the permanent arrangement of our party, the *Pioneer* was worst off, as there was only one sailor, besides her commander, on board, though with Mr Maidment and myself there were four persons. Besides, the weight of the iron decks made them both top-

heavy. When, therefore, the *Pioneer* met her untimely end, I was forcibly struck that it would prove to our advantage, in point of safety and satisfaction; though little absolute comfort could be expected from the stowage of seven persons, and all our effects, where there had hardly been room for three. But this was altogether a secondary consideration, compared to the danger of our separation at sea, and to the advantage of our being able to take so much better care of one boat, with undivided numbers. In this sentiment Captain Gardiner fully concurs. And yet, should not trust in God have led us to venture among the Indians at all hazards? My conscience tells me in what we have done we have acted with prudential consideration of actual circumstances. The facts were before us; we have been directed by them, and to have done otherwise would have been presumption and folly. By the grace of God that has been given me, I can say that in the moment of peril and when confronted by danger I felt no fear, but had a firm assurance that all would be well, with such a peace and serenity of mind as only God could give. Yet have I felt and do feel, that God requires us to act according to a just judgment and sober consideration of the actual circumstances of a case. When a danger is not vaguely apprehended, but is actually known to exist, we are not to run into it, but to avoid it. Faith never runs contrary to an enlightened judgment and just appreciation

of things as they really are; but it is the first to yield and acknowledge that here there is no way open, whilst also the first to inspire the confident hope that God will himself open a way, in a manner different from any we know of, and in his own good and set time. So do I believe, and humbly do I acknowledge and thank God for all his manifold mercies and precious dealings with us.

"*Saturday, Feb.* 23.—For the last two days the love of God has been shed abroad in my heart, and he himself has been nigh, in all my thoughts, and, what was more, in all my affections. Praise, and prayer, and meditation on his Holy Word, were more than ever one constant act, and in all things I had liberty. The Lord's blessing, too, was upon us in our meetings together with the men at night, and his Spirit was graciously poured out, producing great compunction of spirit and contrition of heart, with new and eager desires for the blessings of the gospel of grace in its fulness. On Thursday evening I gave the men a full view of the Lord's gracious dealings with myself, shewed them how I had laboured in ignorance, and the many ways in which I had grieved the Holy Spirit. I also plainly declared the nature of that perfection which we are commanded to seek after, and I told them how God had visited my soul with his love and the baptism of his Spirit. Earnest attention was given me, and much affectionate rejoicing was manifested by these simple-hearted

friends, especially my dear brother Badcock. A child of God indeed is he,—an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile. Never did I see any one who was more truly a meek and humble follower of the Lamb. He has long been walking with God in righteousness and holiness, and breathing a filial childlike affection to God in Christ. Often have I praised the Lord for providing this example of his truth — this simple proof of the effectual working of his grace, where the Divine image is reflected from a groundwork of gross material, and where the great Creator alone could have wrought so mighty a change."

CHAPTER IX.

Sickness and Famine.

My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him.

He only is my rock and my salvation: he is my defence; I shall not be moved.

In God is my salvation and my glory: the rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.

Trust in him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us.—*Psalm* lxii. 5–8.

I sat in the orchard, and thought, with sweet comfort and peace, of my God; in solitude—my company, my friend, and comforter. Oh! when shall time give place to eternity? When shall appear that new heaven and new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness? There, there shall in nowise enter in anything that defileth; none of that wickedness that has made men worse than wild beasts; none of those corruptions that add still more to the miseries of mortality, shall be seen or heard of any more.—*The last entry in the Journal of Henry Martyn.*

The humidity of the climate and continual hardships began to tell on the health of the party. The first sufferer was Mr Williams himself; and the commencement of his illness is thus recorded:—

'*Monday, February* 25.—Obliged to lie by in consequence of a severe chill caught on Friday.

'*Wednesday, March* 12.—I am just recovering from a severe illness, having been confined to bed and to the boat, with the exception of the last few days, during which I have been able to walk on the beach at favorable opportunities, since Monday the 25th of February. I caught a violent chill from putting on damp flannels, and having been for some time weakly and disordered through want of proper animal food—having it only twice a-week. Owing to the weakening and disturbing effect of a farinaceous diet, so long continued, when the cold attacked me it threatened at once to prostrate all my powers, and assumed an alarming aspect. But the hand of the Lord was graciously

with me, and by a clear perception of what means I ought to use I was able to treat myself very successfully. There was every threatening of rheumatic fever, and the pain in my limbs was excruciating, whilst considerable feverishness set in; but the medicines were all remarkably efficacious, and through these and the kind nursing of Mr Maidment, who waited upon me with affectionate and assiduous attention, by the blessing of God I am now fast recovering.

"*Monday, March* 17.—Goodness and mercy follow me; yea, abundantly so, and my heart rejoices in God my Saviour. Bodily, I am in a poor weak state, having been getting worse for some days past, with symptoms of that prostrating disease, the scurvy. Poor Badcock, I am also sorry to say, has symptoms of the same too; indeed, we are all in a very weak condition, Erwin and Mr Maidment complaining. How are we brought low! But thou, O God, hast the ordering of all things. Wise and good are all thy ways. Thou knowest the end from the beginning, and orderest all things according to thy will. Thy will be done, O God, and blessed for ever be thy holy name.

"*Wednesday, March* 19.—This morning at seven o'clock we weighed anchor, and quitted Earnest Cove for Banner Cove, in order to be in readiness against a vessel's coming, and that we might not miss her. This is a sudden movement of ours, as the time contemplated for changing our

locality was still distant some weeks; but the Captain was suddenly impressed with the necessity of our doing so, and became anxious lest we should miss our vessel. The change was only proposed yesterday, and carried into execution to-day. One circumstance of a somewhat singular character helped to hasten the present decision; that was the taking fire of the 'Hurricane house,' as we called it, a place fitted up by the Captain for his sleeping apartment, in lieu of the stranded and dissevered boat, from whence kindness and consideration towards me, on account of my illness, had driven him. The 'Hurricane house' was composed of a row of poles, inclined against a rocky projection, some sails and canvas being used to cover them, and thus keep out the wind and rain. To keep it warm, a fire was maintained night and day, and owing to the fire having blazed up very fiercely a few mornings back, the canvas caught fire, and the flames extended to the wood above the rocks, and a considerable conflagration ensued. We consequently expected that the natives from some quarter or other would see it; and although this proved not to be the case, yet it seemed to impress the Captain as an intimation for us to stir and be going. The night following the fire, a stone from the rocks above gave way, and fell just where the Captain's head would have been had he continued to sleep there. Behold the goodness and mercy of God's providential care!

"I am writing this as I lie in bed; we have but light wind, almost a calm, which enables me to do so. Unhappily I am not getting better, and last night I was much distressed with the feeling of my excessive debility, and the pains in my limbs. Situated as we are, it is impossible to obtain the means necessary to my recovery, such as animal food and wine. How needful it is that a vessel should speedily arrive! But God will order all things; of this I am fully sure, and with joy and assurance I can yield myself into the Lord's hand, without a care possessing my breast as to when or how he will provide.

"*Reliance Cove, Friday, March* 21.—We arrived here safely by the mercy of God yesterday morning, at about ten o'clock. The wind at the time of our setting out was blowing from the eastward, and every thing very propitious, the morning being beautifully fine. Before we got out of the harbour a calm ensued, which detained us the best part of the morning; afterwards it freshened up from the north and north-west, still blowing from a quarter that happily favored us, and whereby our passage was rendered comparatively a short one,—short, indeed, compared with what might have been expected, when the winds for weeks and even months together are from the south and southwest, and this with fearful gales and overwhelming tempests.

"During the night of Wednesday, while we were

pursuing our way over the watery deep, the wind repeatedly threatened to blow hard, sudden gusts coming on and betokening what hard things should follow. The swell was great, and the angry sea raged around our little boat and dashed its billows over it, so that the water penetrated both fore and aft, and wetted our beds, especially those of the men in the fore part. Heavily laden as our boat likewise was, crowded indeed in every part, she was quite top-heavy, and out of trim, as it is called; that is, the weight above did not bear the just proportion to her capacity beneath. There was really ground for fear, and the men were more than once alarmed lest she should capsize. I lay conscious and satisfied that I and all of us were in the hand of the Lord, and assured that, holding the winds in the hollow of his fist, he could restrain his rough wind, and say unto the sea and its boiling waves, 'Peace, be still.' I did not, however, rest on this conviction, but frequently during the night lifted up my soul to God in prayer, and I did observe a coincidence between the asking of God and the subsidence of the wind, yea, more than once that night. Great was the peace I knew, and wonderful was the loving-kindness of the Lord, supporting, yea, blessing me, with joy in his Holy Spirit, in the midst of much bodily weakness.

"Reliance Cove, where we now are, derives its claim to that title from some outlying rocks breaking the great swell of the ocean, except when the

wind blows from the south south-west, to east south-east.

"To-day, although I have not ventured at all out of bed, even to sit up, yet, through the goodness of God, I feel better than yesterday, during the whole of which I was very ill. My disease is gaining ground, though I hope but slowly. The Captain and Mr Maidment are at present gone ashore, to explore the coast in the direction of Banner Cove or westward, to find, if possible, a better and safer anchorage. They have been gone since the morning, and a terrible walk they will have; for the Captain is iron-hearted as to difficulties, and almost incapable of fatigue,—at least he will not yield to anything less than impossibilities. Poor Mr Maidment is by no means in a state for such a trial of strength, being in fact very weak and unwell. May God preserve them and bless them both! In their absence I have got poor John Badcock, my fellow-sufferer, to come and take up his abode with me for the day, and we have both been greatly refreshed, whilst we have communed together in the Lord. How sweet is Christian fellowship and sympathy, when springing from Christian love!

"Since writing the above, I have had the men together and joined with them in a hymn and prayer. O, how greatly did I feel the melody of song in my heart! It was like a little heaven below. O that such feasts of sacred love and com-

munion with God were mine day by day! but they are as stolen waters.—It is getting late in the evening, and the Captain and Mr Maidment are not returned. Thrice have I lifted up my soul to God, beseeching that no evil may come upon them.

"—Thank God, they are returned in safety, coming back a little after nine o'clock, having gone, by the Captain's admission, more than sixteen miles there and back, and through a rough and mountainous country. I hear the Captain give expression to weariness and fatigue, and, to my great surprise, Mr Maidment seems really less affected than the Captain; thus assuredly the Lord strengthened him, for when he set out he was a poor, tottering, and disabled person.

"*Saturday, March* 22.—I was exceedingly ill last night,—the sense of exhaustion being as though the life-blood were leaving my heart. This arose partly from my being too free yesterday in talking, singing, and praying; but so great was my happiness that I availed myself of the joyous moments as they passed. But another reason is the want of sufficient support. I never slept a moment the whole night, and towards the morning cold shivers came on.

"This morning we left Reliance Harbour for some new abode. Whither we were bound circumstances would decide. The name of Reliance Cove was properly given, for our reliance was not in

the protection it was capable of affording, but upon God who made it a place of shelter during a short halt by the way. Both nights we remained there the wind rose and threatened to blow hard, which had it done, we certainly should have had our boat dashed in pieces against the steep shingle beach. A few hours only after we left, a strong breeze from the southward sprang up, which would have blown right into the cove, and the swell of the ocean here is quite terrible. It is remarkable also, that the day of our leaving Earnest Cove, in Spaniard Harbour, the wind blew strong in from the eastward, and consequently, right into the cove,—the only time of its blowing strong from that quarter since our arrival there. It might have damaged our remaining boat, and most certainly, as it was full moon, and consequently spring tide, we should have been dislodged both from the cavern and our stranded boat. Thus how clearly has God manifested his providential care over us. O how good is the Lord, and how greatly to be praised! Blessed be his name for ever!

Our passage from Reliance Cove to-day has been very trying. The weather has been boisterous, strong squalls, 'williwaws,' with hail and snow; the sea consequently has been very rough, and our cockle-shell of a boat, with its disproportioned deck-load, has not been free from danger of a sudden capsize. However, here we are, nearly at the entrance of Banner Cove once more, the

only place where we poor strolling outcasts can find a secure anchorage ground. It is now nearly nine o'clock, and a dark and cheerless night. Thank God, we have escaped all the dangers of the day, and doubtless, God willing, shall escape the perils of the night. I have been very weak and poorly all the day, and whilst cooped up in bed, swinging under the iron canopy of our cribbed and scanty cabin, and hearing the waters dash over, yes, and sometimes tasting a little of them, even inside; whilst thus situated, rolling and rocking about, trying to escape from the gathering tempest, and hastening our way to a refuge, yet knowing not whither we should go, nor where our resting-place would be, my position was not calculated to fascinate the eye. Very weak have I felt myself, and Satan has urged his fierce assaults upon me. I had not strength to read, nor indeed to pray. Joy I could not summon to my heart, and I felt greatly wanting in love and in thankfulness and praise. But what could I do? I strove to pray; yea, I told the Lord I loved him with all my heart, and I blessed his holy name: yet words came not to my thoughts, and thoughts came not to my desires. I called, and all was silent: no voice responded. I did not discern the meaning of this at the time. I did not see that God had left me to a naked faith, and that it was to pass through a fiery ordeal in contending with all my trials and temptations. I saw danger on every side, but I feared it not.

Temptation pointed to death from the floods even as I was, cabined up in this small smoking place; then to death as likely to be the issue of my present disease, sea-scurvy, and no adequate means, no remedy at hand; and then to death as inflicted by the jagged war-spear of the Fuegian, or his deadly sling. But faith was more than conqueror, through Him that loved me and gave himself for me. It could and did answer, that if God willed either to take place, I desired nothing but his will, and in that case any death would be a welcome summons to a glorious immortality.

"After much conflict of this kind, I took up my Bible to try to read it; but I felt as though it would be impossible to summon up application sufficient for this delightful task, and I turned listlessly over the page, till my attention was powerfully arrested by these words of St Peter, 'But the God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you.' I at once saw the Lord, and heard the voice of my God, and great was the consolation imparted to me thus by Christ Jesus. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name.' Now can I, and now do I, with all sweetness and assurance of hope, with peace and joy, leave myself in the hand of the Lord that he may do with me whatsoever seemeth him good, content in knowing that whatever be the way he takes with

me, I shall see his great, yea his wonderful salvation, and give glory to his excellent name for ever.

"*Monday, March* 24.—At Banner Cove again; and with the mercy and goodness of God very manifest both in bringing us here at this time, and in the providential arrangement of circumstances favorable to our safely and peaceably remaining here. May I never forget thy benefits, O my God, but give thee endless praise!

"It was nearly three o'clock on Sunday morning, that we cast anchor once more off our old and much to be remembered Station Hill, near to which we had built our wigwam, and dug a garden, and where our supplies of water were got from; and glad were all hands to find a place of rest after their fatiguing and harassing day's work. On glancing their eyes in the direction of our old quarters, the men discovered a light from a fire, kindled, they thought, in our wigwam. We therefore concluded that it had been taken possession of, and was now inhabited by the natives. In the morning, however, it was discovered that a new wigwam had been built during our absence, near our own, and ocular demonstration was soon afforded, as also by the well known vociferations addressed to the ears, that a large party of natives was established here. We now of course expected to behold the face of Jemmy, and his redoubtable associates, our late mortal foes, and that we should have a repetition of the trials which we had for-

merly encountered here. We were therefore agreeably surprised, when they came off to us, to find that they were all entire strangers. The party numbered fourteen or fifteen, five men and five women, the rest children. They appeared rather a more squalid lot than our former companions, and not possessed of the same energy of character. Should their number not be increased by the addition of others, or of our old acquaintances, we shall be able to stay here in comfort and in peace. All things are in God's hand, and he will temper the wind to his shorn lambs. I doubt it not. His mercy is over all his works, and he loves us with a Father's tender love and gentle compassion. He will do all things well for us; of this I am deeply assured.

"Yesterday (Sunday) the day was very stormy, the equinoctial gales blowing most furiously, and from the southward, so that had we been at Reliance Harbour we must have perished, or had we been at sea our danger would have been great. Snow fell with rain, and the temperature was very low. Being in bed, I did not feel it, as happily our quarters are warm enough when closed up. I now am wholly confined to my bed, not daring to venture up, fearing that the exertion of rising would prostrate me too much. The Lord does make all my bed in my sickness; the angel of his presence overshadowing my soul, and hanging about me with such irradiations of glorious light,

—the light of God's love,—that I am happy, very happy, and not a moment sits wearily upon me. Sweet is the presence of Jesus, and oh! I am happy in his love.

"After the trials I encountered on Saturday, and our knocking about was over, the sleep that followed was, I think, the most refreshing that I ever enjoyed; not so much because it was a balmy restorative to my poor debilitated body, but because if ever the whisperings of Almighty love spoke tranquillity to the soul of man, and breathed a continued flow of divine consolation upon his heart, I felt them that night. I was, so to speak, talking with the Lord, and his grace supplied me with such rich treasure of wisdom in the discourse, and his unction so made the purport of my thoughts to diffuse a precious odor and a rich influence around me, that I could very well have thought I was in Paradise. I might have thought so, but that the subject-matter of my communings with the Lord, was the services, the joyful, heart-felt services, I should render unto him in this my lifetime, and period of sojourn here on earth. My heart seemed to tell the Lord how willingly, how gladly, my poor all should be given unto him, to spend and be spent for him alone; and how I should triumph with heavenly delight, whilst glorying that, by the power of his grace, I was able to win souls to Christ. And whilst such were my thoughts, the Lord seemed to accept me in all my

proffered service, and to pour upon me the blessings of his grace, so that he was unto me as the dew unto Israel. Communion, heavenly and blessed! Earnest of joys to come, and foretaste of that inheritance undefiled and that fadeth not away, where I shall see him face to face, yea, behold him as he is, not even the transparent veil of a divine faith being betwixt him and me! And how transcendently glorious is the further assurance, that when we do see him as he is, we shall be like him, partakers of his divine nature, and sharers of his glorious image. O God, my Lord, for ever be thy name adored.

"To-day we hope to recover the provisions which we stowed away when we were here before. Amongst these is a barrel of pork, purchased of the *Ocean Queen;* this will be of great service to our party, and will, I trust, with God's blessing, strengthen them greatly. Our preserved meat is now nearly out, our store of spirits nearly exhausted, and when these are ended, as in a week or two they will be, then with the prophet Habakkuk I will exclaim, as I know by grace I shall be able to do, 'Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.'

"I have been greatly gratified and affected by pleasing evidence that the work of grace is deepened in my brethren's minds. This, not in one, but I think in all. The trials and dangers we have been subject to, have, by the sanctifying grace of God, had a gracious influence. Yesterday and Saturday I was quite affected by the kindness of the Captain, and his humble and gentle deportment; his prayer, too, yesterday, was an outpouring of his soul before God, in so unaffected and sincere a manner, with such unqualified expressions of resignation to the will, and humble trust in the mercy, of God, that it did make me own with joy, that here is a child of God addressing the Father of all mercies. This morning, too, the prayer of Mr Maidment was in like manner a sincere breathing out of the soul in humble supplication and confident trust in God. Oh! I am glad and rejoice in the Lord to see my brethren thus meek and trustful.

"*Banner Cove, Wednesday, March* 26.—Yesterday the party of natives left the harbour, with what intent we of course are ignorant. In order to be in as great a state of preparedness as possible, and to omit no way of affording intelligence to the vessel that should come to our relief, provided we were forced to leave this part again, the place appointed for her coming to, the Captain has enclosed notices in bottles, and sunk them in various places, with boards erected above them,

and letters painted thereon, 'Look underneath.' A copy of these notices is as follows:—

"'The natives are hostile. We are obliged to move from place to place. If not in Banner Cove, we shall be near Cape Rees or Cape James, on the N.E. side of Navarin Island; if not there, in Spaniard Harbour, which is on the main island, not far from Cape Kinnaird. We have sickness on board, our supplies are nearly out, and if not soon relieved we shall be starved. We do not intend to go to Staten Island, but, if unable to remain at the two places indicated above, to run for Spaniard Harbour, and stay there in a cove, on the western side, until some vessel comes to our assistance.

(Signed) ALLEN F. GARDINER,
Superintendent of the Mission.

BANNER COVE,
March 26, 1851, *Wednesday.*'

"We yesterday got back our provisions which had been deposited at Tent Cove, consisting of three barrels of biscuits, and the barrel of pork. How thankful ought we to be that they had never been discovered by the natives! The goats on Garden Island they have disappointed us of, having destroyed them all.

"Yesterday the sun being out for a little while, I got outside my prison-house, and how greatly did I feel the invigorating effect of the sight of this interesting spot, the scenery quite beautiful! To-

day, the weather being cold, I could not venture out of bed.

"*Banner Cove, March* 27.—To-day a fresh party of natives have made their appearance, to our discomfort. It was blowing very hard at the time they came in, which we could only account for on the supposition that they had received intelligence of our arrival from the party which left on Tuesday, as in general they are so cautious and indisposed to move about in rough weather. Amongst them were some of our old acquaintance, and doubtless they are but the harbingers of the whole of our evil-disposed former associates. They have been very boisterous and presuming, and have displayed the same daring as before. Whilst all our party were on deck, excepting Badcock and myself, they cut the rope attached to our raft, and but for the alertness of our men, would have had it adrift. We expect that to-morrow others will arrive, and we all fear that it is impracticable for us to stay here. Should the weather therefore permit, the Captain proposes to start the first thing in the morning for Spaniard Harbour again, the only place where there is rest for the soles of our feet. And there we shall remain, as far as we can tell, till a vessel comes to our relief. In the meantime, not a being on the earth will have any knowledge of the place where we are; but God knows, and how much better to be known, and to know we are seen, of God, than

to have the eyes of the whole world resting upon us! I have been more than once struck with the thought that our present separation from the haunts and abodes of all we have ever known, is a striking illustration of that separation which death makes. We are, as it were, dead to our dear friends, yet we are living. We have the active faculties of the soul still at work, incessantly bringing our dear ones to our remembrance; but we are no longer living amongst them, identified in all our interests with them. But we are living in God and to God. He is our being and end, and with him alone we are identified now through the exceeding riches of the grace abounding unto us in Christ Jesus. Yet we are associated in love with all our earthly friends more sweetly, more firmly, more endearingly than ever. May God bless them all, is my fervent prayer.

"*Friday, March* 28.—Left Banner Cove this morning at half-past four o'clock. The natives as usual had retired to their wigwam soon after sunset; but they were up and stirring as early as one o'clock. Of course we had kept a watch. From one o'clock until the hour of our departure they were very busily employed. Their early rising confirmed our suspicion that they expected to be joined by others, and their incessant hammering on the trunks of trees, appeared to be a sort of signal as to their whereabouts. We never knew the natives to be moving about until three or four,

even in summer when it was quite light; but, setting aside these signs of concerted vigilance on their part, we were morally certain that there would be a large muster of them in the course of the day.

"*Spaniard Harbour, March* 29, *Saturday afternoon.*—We are now just sighting Earnest Cove, after being becalmed in the entrance of the Harbour the most part of the day. We had what the sailors call a fine start of wind, blowing from the northward and westward, and which brought us into the troubled water of Slogget Bay soon after nightfall, and which freshening up and blowing in sudden and violent blasts, we were again in danger of capsizing. As I lay in bed, I heard the Captain say, 'It is a wonder we were not capsized.' At first, it was proposed to lie-to for the night in the bay, and not to encounter the tide races which we should meet in rounding the cape. However, we pursued our way without stoppage, groping along in the dark, and tumbling over the billows.

"*Earnest Cove, Tuesday, April* 1.—The morning being fine, and the sun shining quite warm, I ventured to rise, and got out into the stern-sheets; but I soon became so sensible of my weakness, my limbs almost failing me, and faintness and pains coming on, that I hastened back to my peaceful bed, where alone I can obtain any mitigation to the distresses of my body. Sometimes I almost

forgot that anything is the matter with me, and would almost persuade myself that if I were up I should still feel the same; but, alas! the trial soon shews how slight is the ground of my expectation. But as I, day by day, and night by night, lie here, what a world, unknown to the world, do I live in! God is indeed about my bed, and spies out all my ways, and his countenance is over me for good. How blessed is the thought! The Lord is teaching me, and counselling my heart with his hidden wisdom, and making known his secret unto me; yea, he is revealing unto my soul the deep things of God, and giving me spiritual understanding in the knowledge of that which hath been hidden from the foundation of the world. The glory and everlasting praise be to my God, through Jesus Christ my Lord.

" *Wednesday Evening, eight o'clock, April 9.*—To-day we have had most boisterous weather, the sea and the waves roaring. Happily we are well sheltered, so as not to be exposed to any danger, at least we trust not; yet the surf on the shore is prodigious in volume, and the straining jerk on our hawser is somewhat alarming at times. We are, however, in God's hands. The cold has been very severe to-day, and this, together with the raging of the tempest, the gloom of a sunless day, and the heavy fall of hail and rain, has rendered our position somewhat cheerless. Badcock and I are companions in affliction. We get no better, but worse

—the disease slowly progressing. However, poor John has not yet suffered anything like the same amount of prostration as myself. The exhaustion occasioned by my previous illness accounts for the difference. Friday, Saturday, and Sunday last were rather distressing days. The oppression from my bodily disorder was very great, and so incapable of all exertion did I feel, that I could not apply my mind to reading. On Sunday night I made it an especial matter of prayer, that God would so strengthen my mind that I might be able to exercise it in reading; and my prayer was answered, for with great delight I spent nearly the whole of the next day on Bonar's *Commentary on Leviticus*, and the Bible in conjunction therewith.

"Our boat is in some respects unsuitable. If we draw up the door at the entrance to our berth, we then exclude all air, as there is no other opening, not even for ventilation. But on the other hand, if we have it open, then the wind and the cold night air come in, and render clothing almost ineffectual for keeping us warm. So I felt it last night, and upon previous occasions,—a cold, chilly sensation pervading my back. If to obviate this, we close the door altogether, the vapor from our breaths accumulates on the iron roof of our deck, only a few inches higher than our pillows, and drops over us and trickles down on our beds in such quantities that we find it very troublesome. Add to this the muddled state of our apartments,

from our not being able to dispose things comfortably about us, not having now for several days been able so much as to get out of bed to have it made. Add also that our appetites rather fail in attacking the boiled pork, which at first was a great treat, and that the preserved meat is fast hastening to an end, as is also our supply of spirits. Add to this that our kind and attentive nurse, Bryant, a most affectionate and sympathising attendant, is himself shewing symptoms of the disease. Add to this the uncertainty as to when a vessel may come to our relief, and the possibility that she may not see and observe our notices put up on various parts of Banner Cove, and so not come at all; and you may ask if we have not some ground of apprehension concerning our supplies and well-being. I can deliberately answer, that my mind is free from such apprehension; and although I have felt so weak that I could take comfort in scarcely anything, nor could even coerce my mind into an active contemplation of God's goodness so as to give and feel praise to Him, yet I do know and am confident 'the Lord will provide,' and that we shall want no good thing, nor suffer more than we can bear, neither shall evil betide us. The Lord is with us, and will not fail us in our need; but our extremity will be his opportunity.

"*Earnest Cove, Saturday, April* 12.—Last night we had the most fearful storm we have encountered at all. It commenced about nine or

ten o'clock, and continued to rage throughout the night. Before witnessing it, we had no just conception of what a south-west gale in these latitudes is. It reminded me of the blast from the iron mouth of the bellows at a smelting furnace; or what might be supposed would be the rush and violence of a furious storm driving through a tunnel. During the whole period the roar and wail of the tempest around us and in the distance were appalling. The bands of violence seemed let loose, and we could not but feel that the time was one of peril and alarm. Sheltered as we were, by being all but land-locked, we found that we were not out of reach of its direct assault, when gathering its forces from every quarter, its tremendous gusts were every now and then aimed straight at our devoted heads. The rush, and fury, and force of its beating point-blank upon us were tremendous. Our poor boat trembled and quivered, and the hawser whereby it was made fast to the shore became as 'taught' as it could be; but still time after time it lifted its head up uninjured. The night was dark, and very wet, and much hail fell. We ascertained that the Captain, Mr Maidment, and Pearce, who slept ashore, were up, and withdrawn to the cavern, and we rightly conjectured that they were in great and painful anxiety on our account. They and the men on board were greatly afraid that the hawser, which was but a small one, would give way, and in that case our anchor might

drag, and so we should be driven out to sea or dashed upon the rocks. Not one of our party slept the whole night, but with anxious expectation looked out for the coming day. When the morning came, one proof was afforded us of the fury of the gale. A pair of trowsers and a woollen jersey had been made fast to the mast to dry, tied with a rope; the legs of one, and the body of the other, were torn right off, leaving the waist of the former and the arms of the other remaining.

"*Cook's River, Monday, April* 14.—In consequence of our late severe weather, and the dangers to which we were exposed, the Captain thought it advisable to take the first opportunity for removing to Cook's River, where storms can in no way endanger us. We are accordingly come here this afternoon. The opening is narrow indeed, and it is defended from the sea by a shifting bar, over which the sea roars with a vain effort to disquiet the peaceful waters inside. This river, or rivulet rather, expands into a small lake, which trends along the head of the bay, and then winds about in many serpentine foldings, until it loses itself in a small stream. To the bar at the entrance, and to one a little further to the seaward, the ducks, gulls, divers, and shags, often resort in large numbers. The evening being fine, I got up to have a look around me, and never did I feel more interested in any scene, unless I may except the sight of Banner Cove under similar circumstances. On both occa-

sions the deep verdure mingling with the many shades of the now fading beech, with the grand and wild mountain scenery stretching along the side of the Bay, and the forest-covered hills overhanging us to the south, and, above all, the bright beams of a fiery and storm-portending sun, going down beyond the furthest range of highlands in the deep background, leaving broad tracks of light betwixt the clouds of indigo and purple,—all had a vivid and strong effect upon my feelings, and greatly cheered me. Seeing the sunset once more, for it is long since I beheld it, my soul aspired towards the plains of light, and I could conceive some such a portal as yon bright scene, only brighter, brighter far, and cloudless, opened into the paradise of our God. Thither my happy spirit bent its way upon the wings of hope, faith pointing out the pathway to the golden gate, and love desiring and hastening on the soul to win so priceless an inheritance among the saints in light.

"*Good Friday, April* 18.—Since writing the above, we have had gales and furious storms in almost constant succession, the weather being severely cold, with a considerable fall of snow, and with dreary hail-storms and sleet. I have frequently lifted my head from my pillow to look out on the cold and cloudy and wintry scenes around me. My bed-head being close to the door, by just lifting myself up, I could see the mountains to the south of us, and their new vesture of driven snow.

The first sight of this, the fall being great during the night of the 15th, was very full of pleasure to me. Dreary and desolate as was the scene, I could yet feel pleasure in the grandeur and magnificence of its very wildness. The aspect of nature was all around changed; and with the winds howling around, the sea roaring over the sand-bank close by, the air filled everywhere with falling snow, and with that peculiar sense of lonesome isolation which a bleak winter scene conjures up in the mind, suggesting our need of relative and social connexions,—there was still a sense of the sublime truly pleasurable.

"To-day, the weather having abated its violence, I availed myself of the afternoon sunshine to get up for a short time. I could scarcely support myself, and had to take freely of spirits to enable me to keep up a little while; but the enjoyment of looking around me is so great, that I mind not a little trouble to accomplish it. Poor John [Badcock], alas! cannot do this much, and is decidedly getting worse than myself, the disease making more progress with him than with me; yet we fare in all respects alike, and share the same comforts, and use the same means, and certainly I was much worse than he at the beginning. His legs are swollen and discolored, his gums get very bad, his loss of blood is frequent, and the prostration of his strength is daily more marked. I am truly affected by observing this; but I keep him from

knowing my suspicions, and as I treat my own case very lightly, and, by the grace of God, am ever able to keep a cheerful countenance, I succeed in preserving his mind from the alarm and despondency so peculiar to this disease, and which so greatly adds to its distress. Poor and weak though we are, our abode is a very Bethel to our souls, and God we feel and know is here. John often smiles through a tear that flows from a heart full of a sense of God's love; and though both of us subject to many infirmities, and sensible of our numberless shortcomings, yet moments so speed by, many of them winged with aspirations after God, that we ourselves forget all our bodily complaints, until reminded of them by exhaustion.

"As the weather gets colder, we naturally enough wish to hasten the period of the vessel's arrival that shall bring us succour, and carry us hence.

"During the day, whilst storms are raging especially, we are under the necessity of shutting out the light, in order to exclude the cold; and at other times our place is filled with the smoke which is blown in from the stove close to us in the stern-sheets. At low water too, now that we are in Cook's River, our boat heels over so that John is at one time deep down on the lee-side, at another time I; and then one of us gets all or the most part of the water accumulating from condensation on the iron roof, which drips on our head and back, or saturates our pillows and bed-clothes,

should they also unhappily gravitate leeward. We, however, look these inconveniences well in the face, and by patience disarm them of half their unpleasantness,—a good lesson acquired in the school of experience, with the grace of God for our helper and teacher.

"To-day the first of our supplies, tapioca, which we have depended much upon, having had of it for our breakfast daily, has failed us; our only remaining substitute being rice. Somewhat more serious than this, is the fact, that after having exhausted our store of brandy and of rum, we are now drawing upon our last bottle of gin; and as it grows less and less, whilst we consume it by another and another draught, necessary to stimulate our debilitated bodies and recover us from our severe fits of exhaustion, we look at each other and say, 'The sooner gone, the sooner the ship must come!' This sentiment the Captain also gave utterance to to-day, and indeed it is our general feeling, belief, and hope, that God will permit our means to fail us, and just then his mercy will shine forth in the opportune and gracious deliverance which he shall send us.

"The Captain, who happily continues well, but unaccompanied by Mr Maidment, who is suffering from cold, came and held service with us. The sermon he read was out of a volume by the Rev. J. Harington Evans, on the seventeenth

chapter of John. It was a delightful and most appropriate discourse,—the subject being, 'Finished Work.'

"*Monday, April* 21.—To-day the boat was moored in-shore, close to the bank, so that we can step from the deck on the land; and I felt greatly tempted to try once more to put my foot ashore. I therefore got up, and with the assistance of Bryant, stepped on the green turf. But to my surprise I found that I had no power over my limbs, and the attempt at progression was almost ludicrous; for my legs went sideways rather than forward, and I must have fallen had I not been supported by Bryant. Although I have frequent distressing bodily prostration, with great languor, I praise God that only on one occasion has my mind greatly participated. Sometimes so powerless as to be unable for reading or much thought, I have felt this state to be merely passive, and without any positive gloom or real depression of spirits.

"This night we have a pretty hard frost, which covers the roof above my head with its hoary frost-work. It pinches me much, my back especially, clothes being insufficient to keep me warm.

"*Thursday, May* 1.—The violence and inclemency of a Fuegian winter have been now for some time felt by us. We have had the snow falling day by day, covering all around with its white mantle, and with this a daily succession

of fearful storms of wind. In our present position we are more than ever exposed to the raging of the blast and the penetrating of the cold, as to the westward we are open to the plains or valleys which stretch beneath the mountains. At times we greatly feel the cold, being obliged to remain shut up in the darkness of our berth by day as well as by night, save when relieved by the light of our candle. Occasionally, however, we get an interval of moderate weather, and the effect of it is very cheering to us all. Our provisions are fast consuming away: our 'sick diet,' in particular, is likely to come to an end still more speedily; the preserved meat and pork being now nearly finished, and our stock of spirits, having had no wine, having been for some days exhausted. We have tried in vain to catch fish in the net and with a line. None are to be seen, and although ducks and wild fowl are not scarce around us, we have no means of getting at them.

"On Friday the Captain and Mr Maidment succeeded in catching a fox, or rather in killing him. He had frequently paid them visits during the night, entering the cavern whilst they were in bed in the boat, and making free with whatever came to hand. He had carried off pieces of pork, shoes, and even books; and to the great mortification of Mr Maidment, his Bible was among the latter, which being bound in morocco, was doubtless

booty to the hungry beast. They therefore laid a bait for him, a piece of pork attached by a cord to the trigger of a loaded gun, so placed that when he took the bait he should fire the gun. He fired it off once, but escaped unhurt; twice the cap went off, but the powder did not take fire. At last, he received the whole discharge in his breast. In his stomach were found feathers, fish, and mice. He was a fine animal, with a splendid brush. Albeit the odium attached to a fox, our party on shore have already so far overcome any such fastidiousness, that this morning they made a hearty breakfast of his 'pluck.' His quarters are cut up and kept in reserve. This is not the first extraordinary *bonne bouche* our worthy caterer has put upon the spit, or made into soup for us. The penguin and shag, and the equally fishy-tasted duck, have all contributed their quota. The penguin was caught on shore, without attempting to get away, more than by a backward movement, as Mr Maidment laid hold on him. The shag was asleep on a fallen tree, lying on the beach, so that Mr M. caught it also by hand.

"The most formidable drawback of all, is the dampness of the boat. Although I have my Mackintosh spread over my bed, the water from the roof lodges in pools upon it, and has at length saturated the counterpane under it. The side of our beds, and all our clothes there, as well as at the head and the foot, are all wringing wet. One

night I felt a deadly chill from the damp, from which for hours I could get no relief, and having failed of our supply of spirits, I had a great pain the whole night, which continued very severe the two following days. Whilst it lasted I was almost tempted to think I could not recover; the prostration of death seemed upon me.

"*Wednesday, May 7.*—To-day we have been just eight months from the time of our leaving Liverpool. The weather is now confirmed in its winterly severity, and we have had pretty hard frosts, sufficient to freeze large portions of the river in which we are lying, and which drifts past us at each ebb tide.

"This evening, having Pearce in addition to our company, I felt in prayer much softening and tenderness of heart, with longing after the perfect love of God. Pearce read Mr Wesley's sermon on *Repentance in Believers*, and its plain, simple exhortations did me much good. Since then I have been able to exercise such a measure of faith in Christ as I had not felt before, and to realise blessings far higher. I could say that I did—I can say that I do love God with a love I had no conception of, with a love that actuates every faculty of my whole soul; and the love of God in Christ I feel beyond all expression. This much I venture in much weakness to write; whether I shall be able to add much more to this journal is known only to God. But this I may say, I have not had at any time a dis-

quieting thought, or a mistrusting fear as to the result. I have felt, Come life, come death, God's will would be my choice. I have not had any doubts as to a vessel coming to our help. I have, for the most part, believed God would restore me to health, and I have thought, in accordance with a singular impression made on my mind, that my course would be directed back again to my native country. This I have believed-- yet I cannot say that God *will not* take me hence, by taking me sooner than I expected to heaven and glory. His will be done—his blessed will be done: I have no longer a choice, when I know his holy will. My poor frail body is now very attenuated, and my sinking, depressed feelings are very great at times. But my mind scarcely feels depression, and certainly no depression except in mourning over my unfaithfulness and shortcomings.

"Should anything prevent my ever adding to this, let all my beloved ones at home rest assured that I was happy, beyond all expression, the night I wrote these lines, and would not have changed situations with any man living. Let them also be assured, that my hopes were full and blooming with immortality: that heaven, and love, and Christ, which mean one and the same divine thing, were in my heart; that the hope of glory, the hope laid up for me in heaven, filled my whole heart with joy and gladness, and that to me to live is Christ, to die is gain. I am in a strait betwixt two, to abide

in the body, or to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. Let them know that I loved them, and prayed *for every one* of them. God bless them all.

"*Tuesday, May* 20.—I am now, as it were, suspended by a slender thread betwixt life and death. Three days following I have had attacks, which seemed to threaten a termination in dissolution. But God is with me. I am happy in the love of Christ. I could not choose, were it left to me, whether to die or to live. I feel the conviction in my mind still strong that I shall recover; but I am got so near to heaven, by the falling into ruinous decay of this earthly house of my tabernacle, that another shake, and there seems reason to expect that my soul will be numbered with the departed who are gone to glory. This I can say, that no other thought or desire has crossed my mind, as a reason for the prolongation of my earthly existence, but that it might thereby please my Lord to make me an instrument of winning souls to him.

"*Friday, May* 23.—To-day I have felt much sinking, and have felt a desire to depart and be with Christ. Last night I felt much for the situation of my companions, and prayed to God with great fervor in their behalf, entreating the Lord to send relief to them, and if it were his will, that I should see that succour come, and then, if it pleased him, be taken hence. I excluded myself from any par-

ticipation of benefit to be derived from a vessel's coming, lest I might seem to fall into impatience, or display aught else than absolute resignation to God's holy will concerning myself. But I did feel I might intercede for others, and I sought God's blessing on their bodies and souls. This evening I have been so allured by the love of Jesus, that I have not been able to refrain from asking the Lord to permit me to come to himself. Nothing on earth could hold back my wishes from transporting me at once into his presence. I felt it could be no sin to desire thus eagerly for heaven. Its light, its atmosphere, its peace, its joys, yea, and its holiness, were around my soul, and earth to my eyes seemed a dreary place. But am I ready to go? O yes; Jesus has made me ready. I could not be more ready than he can make me, were I to live a century longer. His blood, his precious blood, I bear upon my heart; his righteousness declared of God, I hold for my title-deed.

"*Tuesday, May* 27.—To-day I have perceived new symptoms, which shew the inroads of the disease upon my system, and strongly point out a fatal termination. Can I be in any way disappointed at this, instead of a life of much service and glory to God? No, not for a moment; for God's glory can only be enhanced by fulfilling the counsels of his own will; and to suffer his blessed will, as much glorifies my God as to do it. I am not disappointed; rather do I rejoice greatly, that

now it seems manifestly the design of God to take me hence. I have time after time felt an inexpressible desire to be with Christ, and to-day I have been ravished with his love. Should this then be the will of God, then, my beloved ones, weep not for me. Let no mourning thought possess your hearts, nor sigh of sadness once escape your lips. Say rejoicingly, How good was the Lord! how greatly was he blessed of God, and he is gone to be with Jesus! There you, my beloved ones,—you, my mother, you, my sisters, may all of you—oh yes, you will shortly meet me,—will you not? The love of Christ fills my heart; but with this love which loves him supremely, I love you as I never did before. But heaven is at hand. It is nigh to my soul. It is my home. I shall look for you there. There we shall meet to part no more. Its glories invite me. Its holiness, its purity, makes me desire it, where I shall no more feel the curse of sin, nor see that loathsome thing, corruption. I hail the glorious change. My soul rejoices in the Lord, and I would not exchange my dying hopes, surrounded as I now am with all earthly discomforts, for the greatest luxuries and all the blandishments the world could set before me; nay, nor could it stop one minute my onward flight to God, were the whole realm of nature, and every monarch with his crown, inviting me to linger for a while, and taste of honor, power, and earthly good. No, oh no! All that is vanity and

a delusion. There is no other happiness but in knowing God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent; in knowing him as our merciful, gracious, long-suffering God; forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin: and Jesus Christ as—no words can say what Jesus Christ is when you know him. This is the white stone, inscribed with a new name, which no one knows but he to whom it is given. O Jesus, blessed Mediator and Intercessor! into thy hands I commit my beloved ones. Do thou effectually prevail in the behalf of each, so that all may receive thy Holy Spirit and the gift of eternal life, to thy own and the Father's everlasting glory, world without end. Amen." [Then follow affectionate messages to various friends by name.]

"*Thursday, June* 12.—Ah! I am happy day and night, hour by hour. Asleep or awake, I am happy beyond the poor compass of language to tell. My joys are with him whose delights have always been with the sons of men; and my heart and spirit are in heaven with the blessed. I have felt how holy is that company; I have felt how pure are their affections, and I have washed me in the blood of the Lamb, and asked my Lord for the white garment, that I, too, may mingle with the blaze of day, and be amongst them one of the sons of light.

"We have long been without animal food of any kind. Our diet consists of oatmeal and pease, with rice occasionally; but even of this we have only a

stock sufficient to last out the present month, or a very short period beyond this. The weather is very severe, with a deep fall of snow on the ground. But this is not the worst feature of our case. All hands are now sadly affected. Captain Gardiner, a miracle of constitutional vigor, has suffered the least, and if I listened to his own words he is still none the worse; but his countenance bespeaks the contrary. Would it were not so! Mr Maidment, likewise, has sustained the shock of our circumstances very well, but yet great debility is now manifesting itself. All the rest have decided symptoms of scurvy, and have something to do to stand under the burden of the duties devolving upon them; but their perseverance, and willingness, and patience, deserve the highest praise, whilst it elicits from our hearts a feeling sense of our obligations to them, and a regret to put them to such a severe trial. The Lord reward and bless them! Indeed, his blessing is upon them; and the Spirit of grace is deepening his work in their souls. Much more could I add, but my fingers are aching with cold, and I must wrap them up in the clothes. But my heart is warm—warm with praise, thanksgiving, and love to God my Father and to God my Redeemer."

Up to this period Mr Williams's Journal had been carefully kept; and, looking at its neat and legible pages; knowing, too, the distress and discomfort in the midst of which its latter portions

were written, we cannot but regard it as a very affecting document. It is quite evident that he had acquired a fond attachment to this personal narrative, and that the hours passed lightly which were spent in its life-like society. Not only was it a survivor from brighter days, and a remembrance of the hopes and aspirations of the outward voyage, but it was becoming too manifest that his Burslem friends might have no other messenger to tell how it fared with him in the last stage of the pilgrimage. Eventually, therefore, we believe that it was chiefly for their sakes that, by the light of a candle, and with "aching fingers," as he lay in his cheerless cabin, he continued to record the incidents and impressions of these lonely days.

We are now arrived at the last entry. It is dated, "Cook's River, Sunday night, or possibly Monday morning, June 21 or 22"—the shortest day of those regions, when the night lasts sixteen hours. It tells how Pearce had come to sit up with the invalids, but had been persuaded to retire to rest; and it speaks of Badcock as dying. It contains expressions which would almost indicate that the mind of the writer was beginning to wander; but, even amidst confused perceptions, it shews that his faith in God was still clear and unclouded. The last words are:—

"When I left Burslem on the mission, it was with a secret confidence I should see the salvation of God. Oh, my soul hath beheld it! 'But the

greatest trouble,' some would say, 'is not over yet. You have but a week's provision more, even at the rate you are now living at, and no certain expectation of a vessel's coming in that time!' Yes, this is so; but I have a certain and sure expectation of deliverance in that time. To-day is June 22; for I believe it is far advanced in the morning. We shall see. He that believeth shall never be confounded.

"Here I rest my hope.

"The Lord's will be done."

Captain Gardiner and Mr Maidment continued to lodge at the cavern, about a mile and a half from the mouth of Cook's River, where the boat containing the rest of the party was moored. And though the distance was not great, so exhausted and weakened were they all, that they could not maintain a daily communication. But on Saturday, June 28, Captain Gardiner visited the *Speedwell:* and in his own brief journal he writes:—

"Found Mr Williams and Badcock to-day very ill. Mr Williams considers the latter beyond the hope of recovery. He is most patient, and leaning only upon his God. Mr Williams is certainly weaker than he has been during his long illness, and to-day spoke very incoherently. He was praying aloud when I reached the boat, for himself and his dying companion, committing themselves to God, and rejoicing in his faithfulness and truth. I have kept no record of the expressions which have

fallen from him during my various visits to Cook's River; but the invariable tenor of them has been entire resignation to the will of God, joy and peace in believing, and a firm trust in his Redeemer, with the full assurance that all had and still would work together for the advancement of his eternal interests. On one occasion, 'that each day's experience had proved a blessing, that he felt that no one of his trials (and he had many) could have been spared, that he had no will of his own, but left all in the hand of his heavenly Father, and that he was willing to depart in any way that the Lord should see fit.' To-day he said, that 'he only called upon God, on him alone he leaned, and that he was all to him.'"

At eleven o'clock on that same evening, John Badcock died. He requested Mr Williams to join him in singing a hymn, and repeated the 202d of Wesley's Collection, beginning—

Arise, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears.
Before the throne my Surety stands;
My name is written on his hands.

He sang it through with a loud voice, and a few minutes afterwards expired.

Early in June the net, which had occasionally procured a few fishes, was carried away by the floating ice; and on the 4th of July Captain Gar-

diner mentions, as all the provisions remaining in the cavern, "half a duck, about a pound of salt pork, the same of damaged tea, a pint of rice, two cakes of chocolate, and four pints of pease, to which I may add six mice." From this time forward, to the end of their tragic history, they had little other subsistence besides mussels and limpets, and a species of gelatinous seaweed.

On Tuesday, July 22, Captain Gardiner writes—"For six days we have had no intercourse with Cook's River, on account of the weather. I was there this afternoon, and John Bryant, to our great surprise, came over to us, being anxious to know how we were. Poor fellow! it is too great an exertion for him, although he says he feels better. Mr Williams is wonderfully supported, both in body and mind. The Lord has been very gracious to him. He is exceedingly weak, but has little pain, and says that he feels even better than he has done, although now reduced to subsist on mussels, which, to my great surprise, he is able to digest."

On Saturday, August 23, Joseph Erwin, the carpenter, died; and the following Tuesday terminated the sufferings of another of the boatmen, John Bryant. Captain Gardiner was now confined to his bed, and the fatigue of burying his two companions so exhausted Mr Maidment, that he never rallied. On the 6th of September, Captain Gardiner wrote a note, which never reached its desti-

nation, and which was afterwards found defaced by the weather:—

"MY DEAR MR WILLIAMS,—The Lord has seen fit to call home another of our little company. Our dear departed brother left the boat on Tuesday afternoon (Sept. 2), and has not since returned. Doubtless he is in the presence of his Redeemer, whom he served faithfully. Yet a little while, and though . . . . the Almighty to sing the praises . . . . throne. I neither hunger nor thirst, though five days without food.—Your affectionate brother in . . . .

"ALLEN F. GARDINER."

Meanwhile, it will be asked, what steps were taken elsewhere for the relief of the famished exiles? As early as January, the Secretary of the Society had commenced his inquiries for a vessel to convey additional stores to the Mission; but it was uniformly answered, that no vessel would imperil her insurance for so small a freight; and it was not till the 6th of June that a vessel, advertised for April 21, actually set sail, carrying six months' supplies by way of the Falkland Islands. Nor was any consternation created by the delay; for, naturally enough, the office-bearers hoped that fish and game might be procured as abundantly as Captain Gardiner seemed to expect; and then there was the hope that the Captain might have established a

communication with his friends at Montevideo or East Falkland. However, when October arrived, and the expedition had been gone for more than a year without any tidings returning, the worst forebodings began to be felt, and an application was made to the Admiralty to assist the Society in the effort to reach its agents. H.M.S. *Dido* was then sailing for the Pacific, and instructions were instantly forwarded to her commander, Captain Morshead, to touch, if possible, at Picton Island, and inquire after the missionaries.

Simultaneously with this movement in England, Samuel Lafone, Esq., of Montevideo, had commissioned a fast-sailing American pilot-boat to proceed to Picton Island, and render any assistance which the mission party might require. After a run of four weeks, Captain Smyley reached Banner Cove on the 21st of October; but finding it painted on the rocks, "Gone to Spaniard Harbour," he proceeded thither and arrived on the following day. He soon found a boat on the beach, and inside of it lay one person dead. There was a large scar on his head, and another on his neck, and a mattrass was thrown over him. The name "Pearce" was found on his frock, and there can be little doubt that he was the last survivor of the party. The Indians, whose naked footprints were observed on the strand, had no doubt found him still alive and had murdered him; and books, papers, medicine,—everything which was of no value to the savages,—

were found scattered on the deck or strewn along the beach. On the shore was found a body completely washed to pieces, which must have been that of Mr Williams, as his three companions had been already buried. Captain Smyley had barely time to bury it, when a violent gale arose, and drove him from his anchorage and out to sea. His little vessel being laden with the crew of a castaway Danish barque, Captain Smyley could prosecute the search no farther, but was forced to return to Montevideo. The report of this humane and right-hearted man concludes with the following testimony:—

"I have never found in my life such Christian fortitude, such patience, and bearings in my life as in these poor unfortunate men. They have never murmured even. They seemed resigned. And Mr Williams says, even in his worst distress, he would not swap his situation for, or with, any man in life. He is happy beyond expression.

"They speak in their Journals of going to the Falklands, but they found their boats not fit, and in fact they waited until all their provisions were gone, and they were taken with the scurvy so bad, that it was impossible for them to go. They had no rest; they were drove from place to place by the Indians, always in dread and fear. Add to these, the stormy, dreary, long nights, with almost perpetual ice and snow; and cooped up in a small boat, so laden that there was scarce room to move,

without food, and with that terrible disease the scurvy; and you can judge their situation *partly*."

Unapprised of Captain Smyley's discovery, Captain Morshead in the *Dido* reached these dangerous seas about the middle of January 1852, and prosecuted the search with the skill and energy of a British sailor, and with the solicitude of a Christian friend. He reached Spaniard Harbour on the evening of January 21, and immediately sent Lieutenant Pigott and Mr Roberts on shore. They found the bodies of Captain Gardiner and Mr Maidment, and returned to the ship with a variety of books and papers. Next morning, amidst threatening weather, Captain Morshead landed. Mr Maidment's body lay in the cavern where he had so often spent the night, and in which the stores rescued from the *Pioneer* were kept. Outside on the rocks was painted, by way of direction to any visitor, a hand, and under it, "Psalm lxii. 5–8." Captain Gardiner's body was lying beside the wreck of the *Pioneer*. It seemed that he had left his berth, but being too weak to climb into it again, he had died at the side of the boat. The remains were collected and buried; the funeral service was read; an inscription was placed on the rocks; three volleys of musketry were fired; the ship's colours were struck half-mast high; and having fulfilled her mournful commission, the *Dido* went on her way.

CHAPTER X.

WITH offerings of devotion,
  Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
  In tribute at his feet.

For he shall have dominion
  O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
  Or dove's light wing can soar.
Psalm lxxii. 8, 10.—*James Montgomery.*

When we look abroad on a world that is rent with woe, and burdened with the curse, how gladly ought we to turn to the prophetic picture of the same world, clothed with the verdure of righteousness and peace, love and joy! When we behold the wretched multitudes everywhere ground down by oppression, how cheering to think of the happy period when kings shall be the nursing-fathers and queens the nursing-mothers of their people—when justice will everywhere be seen holding up her even scales—and the genius of charity opening, on the most barbarous shores, new founts of blessing that shall never more be sealed!—*Dr Duff.*

We never hear of a great catastrophe without seeing, or fancying that we see, how it might have been averted. And it is a relief from the sharpness of sorrow to be allowed to criticise the conduct of others, and to point out the simple precautions which ought to have been adopted. In concluding the foregoing narrative, many will feel that this entire mission was sadly mismanaged. They will condemn the initial blunder which induced seven men, divided betwixt two little boats, to venture into seas so wild, and among savages so treacherous; and in such an expedition they will say that a strong ship, ably manned, was the true economy. They will lament the over-sanguine calculation which, for an imprisonment of uncertain duration, provided supplies so very limited; and they will allege that it was not prudent generalship, but a foolhardy trust in the chapter of accidents, which, for its commissariat, drew on the uncaught fish and fowl of Fuegia, and the unpurchased beef

of Montevideo. They will lift up their hands at the successive fatalities which left the ammunition on ship-board, which lost the fishing-nets, and which, the very first day they were used, let the dingies go adrift. They will point out expedients which might from time to time have been tried with advantage; and, with the precedent of long voyages in whale-boats and wherries, they will wonder why the adventurers did not seek to escape in their launches to some more friendly shore. And, in the fair distribution of reproof, they will blame the directors who allowed their agents to depart so scantily provided, and who permitted nine months instead of six to elapse betwixt the sailing of the *Ocean Queen* and the despatch of additional supplies.

We do not deprecate discussion, and we are assured that the community eventually gains much from the freedom with which the proceedings of associations and official personages are reviewed by the organs of public opinion. And it is only candid to add that we have felt in full force some of the regrets which have been expressed in regard to this Patagonian Mission. But it ought to be remembered that the scanty equipment of the expedition was necessitated by the want of funds. None knew better than Captain Gardiner the desirableness of a large sloop or brig; but as this was utterly unattainable, he resolved to do his best with such launches as the Society could afford.

And although an ample supply of provisions would have been a great security, the boats could scarcely carry more; and believing that in the directors at home, in correspondents at Montevideo, and in the produce of the islands, he had three strings to his bow, the leader of the enterprise again yielded to his too chivalrous anxiety to spare the funds of a Society whose treasury was low, and whose friends were few. On the other hand, to account for the disasters of Banner Cove and Lennox Harbour, we would need to exchange places with the devoted band, and imagine ourselves an inexperienced crew of seven persons, two of them mere landsmen, divided betwixt two vessels, contending with ceaseless tempests, drenched in rain, pierced with cold, disheartened by hunger and disease, and only left the wretched choice betwixt a coast swarming with cannibals, and "desolate places," the domain of frost and hunger. And to account for the delay in forwarding supplies, we would need to exchange places with the office-bearers, and repeat the desperate search for a conveyance made by men whose freight was no inducement to ships of any value, and who had not the means wherewith to charter a vessel of their own.

But from all disputes about secondary causes, and from vain speculations about contingencies which cannot now be realised, the Christian will raise his thoughts to that "determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God" which ordained the

result, and which overlooked none of the intervening incidents; and, in a world which owes everything to the *vicarious* principle on which it is administered, he will try to ascertain the lessons taught by the sufferings and the self-sacrifice of these missionary-martyrs.

To every devout reader there must be confirmation and encouragement in such a narrative as the one now concluded. Seldom have we met with a more striking example of "comfort in the wilderness;" and, after perusing the experience of Mr Williams, no Christian need fear that his circumstances will be ever so forlorn, but that the Heavenly Comforter can still inspire him with a "joy unspeakable and full of glory." Illumed by an immortal prospect, the dreary cabin becomes "none other than the gate of heaven;" and, cheered by a celestial Visitor, the long hours of an Antarctic night are never counted. Without a crust of bread, the spirit is regaled with "food such as angels eat;" and, in a disease depressing beyond most others, hope and exultation are the predominant emotions. And far from repenting their own rashness,—farther still from "charging God foolishly,"—they congratulate their lot, on being counted worthy to suffer for Christ's sake; and when, in their little hospital, the first death takes place, the good soldier asks his feeble comrade to join him in a hymn.

Nor is it a small matter to find that the Saviour

has still disciples who are willing not only to suffer, but to die for his sake. Last century produced no martyrs: but there is again faith in the earth; and the convicts of Tuscany, the thousand exiles of Madeira, the slaughtered hundreds of Madagascar, "the martyr of Erromanga," and the proto-evangelists of Fuegia, all shew that there are many to whom Christ is so precious, that they are prepared to follow him to prison and to death.

But, besides their lesson of self-devotion, have not these good confessors left to the Church a legacy of duty? Have not their writings, so remarkably preserved, come back from the ends of the earth, as a cry to go over and help these poor degraded Indians?

With the precedents of New Zealand and the South Sea Isles, there is nothing in the treachery, the barbarism, nor even in the cannibalism of these Araucanians, to make a Christian philanthropist despair; whilst, in their position as a possible inlet to the vast Indian populations of the main-land, there is a powerful inducement to early and untiring effort.

Nor should we omit a subordinate and selfish reason for attempting to evangelise these islanders and their Patagonian neighbours. Within the last five years the Straits of Magellan and the ocean highway round Cape Horn have been traversed by an unprecedented amount of shipping; and, as long as this continues the main route to San Fran-

cisco, the traffic through these seas is likely to increase. In such a dangerous navigation we need not say what casualties are likely to occur; but woe betide the ship's company which is thrown into the hands of these savages! Last winter the ship *Porcupine*, of Liverpool, was passing through the Straits of Magellan on her way to California, when she grounded. Next morning she was surrounded by numerous canoes, full of natives, carrying lighted pine-branches, who endeavoured to set the ship on fire; and it was not till after a desperate conflict, in which two emigrants were killed and others severely wounded, that the assailants were repulsed, and the disabled vessel was floated off and worked back to the Falklands. And it is only five or six years ago when the captain and crew of the brig *Avon* were murdered by the same barbarians, and two English gentlemen whom they had inveigled ashore were carried off and put to death, and their bodies, it is believed, were devoured.* Similar casualties are too certain to recur; and even although the governments of England and America should send war-steamers to the station, they cannot be ubiquitous; and, on the coercive system, nothing short of an extirpation of the wretched natives can secure the castaway from the knife of

* The dangers of a detention on these coasts are vividly described in a rough but romantic book published in America during the present year: "The Captive in Patagonia; or Life among the Giants. By Benjamin Franklin Bourne." Boston: Gould and Lincoln.

the cannibal. How much better—how much more worthy of a Christian country, and how much cheaper—to reclaim and civilise them! This the missionary, with God's blessing, alone can accomplish; but the same agency which, all through the Southern Archipelago, has secured for the merchant and whaler depots of provisions and refitting stations, and the assistance of clever mechanics, where formerly the war-club was his only welcome,—this agency may soon stud with gardens and farms and industrious villages these inhospitable shores. The church-going bell may awaken these silent forests; and, round its cheerful hearth and kind teachers, the Sunday-school may assemble the now joyless children of Navarin Island. The mariner may run his battered ship into Lennox Harbour, and leave her to the care of Fuegian caulkers and carpenters; and after rambling through the streets of a thriving seaport town, he may turn aside to read the papers in the Gardiner Institution, or may step in to the week-evening service in the Richard Williams Chapel. When that day arrives, a grateful population will survey Cook's River and Pioneer Cove, if not with emotions as sacred as those with which our Old-World pilgrims visit St Paul's Bay in Malta, and the Grotto in Patmos, at least with feelings as tender as the Christian Briton has often confessed on the rocks of Lindisfarn, and among the ruins of Iona.

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